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A REMINISCENCE OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

OUR story commences in 1808, during the French invasion of Spain, when, under the flimsy and inconsistent pretexts of delivering the Peninsula from British and monkish influence, Napoleon sought to snatch the diadem of Castile from the degenerate brow of Charles the Fourth, and place it on his brother's.

But his calculations proved as erroneous as his schemes were iniquitous. The enemy, from whom he pretended to rescue Spain, was destined to drive his legions across the Pyrenees, and the despised, "priest-ridden" Spaniards resolutely assisted in thrusting forth the invaders at the point of the bayonet. "War to the knife!" was the maxim of the attacked and the betrayed. The guerillas hung upon the flanks of the French army, cutting off stragglers and detachments, intercepting supplies, whilst the dagger and the poisoned cup were often the fate of the bold and insolent intruders.

As it is not our purpose to give an historic sketch of this stirring contest, we shall confine ourselves to narrating an incident in the life of a handsome and brave young French officer, named Frederick Duvernay. Lately promoted to the rank of captain, he had been ordered to march with his company to join the army of reserve, under General Bessieres, at Burgos. On the night of the third day's march from St. Jean de Luz, he reached a hamlet near Barga. Here lodging was not to be found, for Frederick did not care to scatter his men by billeting them in a place where every face wore a dark, hostile look.

The only inn, or hostelry, of the place was such as most Spanish *posadas* are, even in the present day, gloomy, and void of every comfort, and too circumscribed in extent to accommodate one hundred soldiers.

The captain, in this dilemma, turned his attention to a neighboring convent, and was told by the alcade that it had been almost entirely abandoned, and left in charge of some lay brothers.

When the French officer knocked at the gate two individuals appeared shrouded in capuchin hoods, from beneath which their large black eyes cast unfriendly glances; and, on his demanding lodging for himself and men they looked at each other expressively, and then, silently bowing, led the unwelcome guests into the gloomy edifice, where, however, they soon made themselves quite at home.

To their surprise, and no small gratification, a good supper was served up about a couple of hours afterwards in the refectory, and the weary soldiers, hungry and thirsty, delightedly eyed the white bread, huge *pucheros* of smoking vegetables and meat, and several mighty jars, filled to the brim with *vino tinto* and *cádra*.

Frederick and his subalterns sat apart, at a table on which glittered a rich display of plate.

French gaiety was soon in the ascendant, the

glasses jingled merrily, and joke and song became the order of the night.

All at once, when, for the second time, the captain raised a brimming goblet to his lips, he felt a fiery pang shoot through his bosom. It increased, and seemed to devour his vitals. His head sunk, he felt a strange buzzing in his ears, the blood beat violently in his temples, his limbs stiffened, and a deadly sickness paralyzed his strength. He attempted to rise, but, seized with violent convulsions, fell on the floor, struggled for a few seconds, and then lay motionless, his brow covered with a cold sweat. Presently he recovered his senses, the tide of life again flowed through his heart, and he raised his heavy, aching eyelids.

A frightful scene was before him.

Four lamps, hanging from the ceiling, cast a smoky, fitful light over the vast hall. Officers and soldiers lay on the ground, in the midst of glass and china, shattered by their fall, some writhing in horrible paroxysms. A few pale faces were raised up, and showed to Frederick clenched teeth, haggard, blood-shot eyes, and shrunken cheeks. Then they waved their arms frantically, hoarse cries, bubbling moans, and fierce oaths escaped their blue lips, then all fell back exhausted, and a death-like silence pervaded the scene.

"Poisoned!" murmured Frederick, in a broken voice. "Poisoned! All my poor soldiers! And I—to die—so young—such a horrible death!"

He endeavored to raise himself on his elbow, but fell back in a fresh swoon, and all again was still.

How many hours did this last? None could say but those who contrived this dreadful drama. Frederick had supposed that he was dying; nevertheless, his eyes at length reopened, he felt a refreshing draught presented to his lips, and beheld an old woman leaning over him with a cup in her hand.

Full of surprise, he cast a curious glance around. He was stretched on a bed, and lying in a low vaulted chamber, with gray and naked walls, into which daylight scarcely penetrated. A man, whose features were concealed by a large *sombrero*, was seated on the foot of the pallet.

The old woman stood up and said, "He is saved, *senor*."

On a sign from the mysterious personage she left the room.

"Where the deuce am I?" muttered the young captain.

The stranger did not reply.

"My soldiers!" cried Frederick, in an agony of grief. "Ah! I recollect—poisoned! All my brave fellows dead!"

"No," said the man, in a rough voice, "the dose was not strong enough. When supposed dead, they rose up and slew our people who were sent to bury them."

"Ah, faith! they did well."

"What?"

"Pardon, *Senor Hidalgo*! But, after all, you sought to kill us; and, after all—"

"Enough; you forget that you are in my power."

"True, I should not so easily forget the treachery to which we daily fall victims."

"It is thus that the Spaniard takes vengeance on the unprincipled invader, who violates the soil of his country."

"By a war of assassination!"

"By a war of justice. Do we offer a fair fight to the robber who intrudes himself into our dwellings! No, we slay him. And you, Frenchmen, who come to steal our liberty, our independence—"

"Madmen and savages!" muttered Frederick.

"But," returned he, after a moment's silence, "was I too poisoned?"

"Yes; but being more sober than the others, you suffered less; and, as we wanted you, you were carried off and carefully attended."

"And you have saved me! Very amiable, I must admit. Now will you have the goodness to tell me what you propose doing with me?"

"To keep you prisoner."

"Who are you, then?"

"No matter."

"Where am I?"

"I do not reply to such questions."

"The devil! But do you know that these questions are of the deepest interest to me?"

"You ought to have died. You are my prisoner. Thank Heaven for it."

"Faith! I do not know if I should not prefer death to captivity; especially if I am to be kept in this gloomy apartment, with its black walls and narrow-barred window. Not even an arm-chair; and a couch so deucedly hard; nevertheless, in time of war, we must not be particular. But come, what are you going to do with me?"

"You shall know."

"So much the better. And how long will you keep me in this rascally stone-jug?"

"That will depend on yourself."

"Zounds! if it depended on me, I would quit it directly."

"Stop a moment. There are conditions. You are condemned—"

"Excuse me. But I have not seen my judges. If I were not afraid to offend you, I would remark, that you look remarkably like an executioner; but, usually, the executioner comes after the judges. I should prefer that in my own case; the usual order of things should not be reversed."

"Listen to me, and talk less; that is, if it is possible, you being a Frenchman."

"You are epigrammatic. Well, old fellow, I cannot compliment you on your wit, which is old and worn out—"

"Answer me. Your name?"

"Frederick Duvernay."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Well, you are condemned to remain here for life."

"The devil! if I live as long as my grandfather, I shall have seventy years of it; rather too long."

"You shall never leave this—never see again the light of the sun—never hear the human voice—never behold the face of man. Every day, by this trap, you will receive bread and water."

"Morbleu! what a perspective! But tell me, Senor Hidalgo, by what right—"

"By the right of the strongest. You are in my power."

"Too true. But do you not suppose that I am of a certain value, and that a brave soldier will not be lost sight of as easily as you imagine! Trust me, I shall be sharply looked for."

"You are a fool! The soldiers think you dead, a victim to poison, like a few others; and, as the convent has been burned, your carcass, as well as theirs, is supposed to have become the prey of the flames. No one will ever inquire for you."

"Hem! quite a little melodramatic intrigue."

"Notwithstanding, you may avoid all these sufferings, recover your liberty, return home, and even retain a very agreeable recollection of your adventure in Spain."

"Oh, as for that," cried Frederick, "I swear to you—but no matter, what must I do?"

"Marry."

"Marry? Senor Hidalgo, I protest to you that I have not the slightest inclination to marry."

"Inclination or not, you must."

"Confound it, no! I prefer remaining single."

"Then you will remain here forever. Adieu!"

"One instant. What a deuce of a hurry you are in! At least give me time for a moment's reflection!"

"That moment must be a short one. Marriage, or a dungeon for life."

"I understand. And, indeed, though marriage has been compared to the galleys, if I must choose between this hole and the galleys, I rather incline for the latter. Besides, who knows if those who decry marriage may not be evil tongues? Tell me, is my bride pretty?"

"No matter."

"No matter! But there ought to be at least as much ceremony in taking a wife as in buying a horse. One does not do that with one's eyes shut."

"You shall not see her."

"No!"

"Nor speak to her."

"The devil I shall not! Then I cannot accept of her on such terms."

"Then, once more, good-by!" And the obdurate stranger turned on his heel to depart.

"Wait a moment. Confound it!" cried the perplexed captain.

"Make haste. My patience is exhausted."

"Nay, be reasonable. Before marriage, surely a few inquiries may be permitted! And, to speak frankly, Senor Hidalgo, you seem to me very like one who is plotting some mischief against me. You may be a grandee of Spain, or perhaps his valet, employed to hush up a peccadillo. Such things have been. Now, I warn you, that I am not the lad inclined to act such a part."

"As you please. But reflect that, this door once closed, I shall return no more. You will be fed, as I have told you; that is to say, unless they should happen to forget you, which, in that case, the Lord have mercy on you! For these walls are thick, you are twenty feet below the surface of the ground, therefore your cries can never be heard. Good night!"

"Oh, dear! Senor Hidalgo, you have such a persuasive way of your own. Do what you will with me. I will marry with my eyes shut, even if it be to a witch. So there's my hand upon it."

"Good! to-night, at midnight, we shall come and fetch you; but remember, whatever you may see, whatever you may hear, not a word, not a gesture. Obey implicitly. At the first infraction

of my orders, a dagger-stab shall teach you the danger of chattering in Spain."

"Thank you. And afterwards, what is to be done with me?"

"You will see."

The Spaniard left the cell with a slow and majestic pace, and the heavy door closed behind him. Frederick heard two turns of the key, then a couple of bolts drawn. Steps were heard for an instant, heavy and regular, then they gradually died away, and all again became silent; it was the silence of the grave.

Frederick felt a cold shudder traverse his frame.

A man may brave death on the battle-field—the attack and defence, the smell of powder, the rattle of musketry, the roar of the cannon, the warlike flourish of the trumpet, the shouts of the triumphant, the wails of the fallen, all conspire to excite, to intoxicate, and you rush unthinkingly to death or to glory; but the solitude of a dungeon, the silence of that living tomb of stone, the thought of perishing, in the prime of life, by so mean, so unknown a death, perhaps by famine, was horrible.

To wile away the long hours of solitude, he thought of his former life, so varied and so gay, the light amours of his military career, so pleasant and often so adventurous. He saw pass up the vista of memory the graceful forms, the bright faces of women, whose smiles appeared to invite his adoration. Fair and brown, tall and short, all those whom he had loved, or fancied he had loved, seemed to address him, with their youthful and gentle tones, and cried, "What! is the gay Frederick about to be married?"

Then other and more gloomy ideas stole over his imagination; and, in the twilight, the gray walls of his cell became peopled with forms clad in dark mantles, their faces concealed with wide slouched hats, whilst dagger-blades gleamed in their hands.

To wean himself from these fancies, our hero attempted to rise from his couch. He was weak and sore, but could still walk. He asked himself if the accursed Spaniard had not deceived him, and if he would ever return. The silence which reigned around was by no means calculated to reassure him. At midday, the light, as we have said, entering by a narrow loop-hole, cast a tolerable quantity of light into the apartment; but now, as the evening approached, his eye could scarcely distinguish the dismal limits of the cell. Hunger also began to attack him, for he had tasted nothing since the night of the mortal supper. The idea struck him, "Will these savages really leave me to die by starvation?" He cried aloud, and his voice, like an imprisoned bird, seemed to strike against the walls of his dungeon, but no answer was heard. He explored the place, striking the stones with a fragment of wood torn from his worm-eaten couch. Everywhere the blows returned a dull, heavy sound, leaving no room to hope in the existence of the slightest cavity.

"What cheats are the romance writers!" murmured the captive, "who, when they imprison their heroes, make them always discover mysterious panels, fissures in the rocks, or walls soft enough to be picked to pieces with pins. I only wish they were here to see how they would manage."

He reached the door, which he could not see; it was rough and solid to the touch, and garnished with stout nails.

Whilst leaning against it and listening for some noise from without, he felt a slight draught of air.

It was night. Presently he was startled by the sound of steps, which, gradually approaching, stopped at the door. The wicket opened and a ray of light penetrated into the dungeon. A little tray was introduced, on which was a fine chicken, a slice of bread, and a bottle of wine.

"Faith!" cried Frederick, "this is being really attentive; though you have kept me waiting rather long."

He took possession of his supper, but was alarmed to perceive that they were about to close the wicket.

"Stop! friend," cried he, "if you shut the wicket how can I see to eat? It is as dark as an oven here."

"Then make haste," replied a hoarse voice, "and the wicket shall remain open whilst you are eating your supper."

"Much obliged! I shall not be long, for I am dying with hunger. But, I say, where are the knife and fork?"

"Prisoners are not allowed arms."

"Oh! it seems that your master understands his business. However, one can do without in spite of habit. After all, these are but factitious wants created by over-civilization. Our ancestors did very well without them. By the way, this wine—are you sure that it is not like that of the other evening?"

"For what purpose? We had only to abstain from bringing your supper—to forget —"

"True! to forget, the very word your master used. But I wish —"

"Enough!" interrupted the voice. "Eat quickly, or I shall close the wicket."

Our hero obeyed spontaneously. The chicken was torn to pieces, the bottle tasted without the assistance of a glass; but, as he was attacking the fourth quarter of the savory bird, the rough voice cried: "I am called; finish your supper as you can, and then you had better sleep. It is eight o'clock; at midnight they will come for you." The wicket was shut, and the footsteps were heard gradually receding.

Frederick remained with his mouth full. He endeavored to continue his meal in the dark; but, whether from the absence of the light, or the circumstance of his having eaten enough, his inclination for food ceased, and, leaving the bottle three parts empty and the chicken three parts picked, he groped his way to the miserable bed, stretched himself on the hard mattress, and tried to sleep.

Some hours afterwards he was roused from a doze by some one who shook his arm roughly. He opened his eyes and saw a man leaning over him.

"Get up and let us be moving!"

Frederick collected his scattered senses. "Ah! yes, yes! it is midnight, is it not?"

"Yes!"

"And I am going —"

"To be married."

"True! I remember."

"Now," said the jailer, when the captain had risen, "wrap yourself in this cloak, slouch the hat over your face so as to conceal your features entirely. Whatever you see, whatever you hear; obey; not a gesture, not a word, or a good stroke of —"

"I know the rest of the prescription. I follow you mute, and passive as a statue. Let us go."

They left the dungeon, and Frederick followed his guide through a long and winding vault. At last

they reached a stone stair, whose steps were damp and slippery, and covered with moss; several times, to avoid falling, our hero leant against the walls, which were dripping with wet. Ascending some steep and winding steps they came to a door, lined with iron, opening into a garden; so at least Frederick supposed, from the sand that grated under his feet, and the delicious perfume of flowers. As for seeing anything, that was impossible. The night was dark as pitch. All at once his conductor stopped and made the captain precede him, muttering in his ear, "Obedience—silence, or death." Frederick then perceived a door open and the interior of a small chapel, dimly lighted.

At this moment our hero, usually so careless and gay, felt an indescribable emotion. This holy spot, the idea of the marriage about to be solemnized, the thought of the unknown woman about to become his wife, all acted powerfully on his mind. Two forms emerged from the gloom and approached. One, Frederick had no doubt was the grim Hidalgo who had visited him in his prison, and imposed such strange conditions for his liberation; the other was a woman of middling stature. This was all that Frederick could make out.

The two persons approached him. The Hidalgo placed the hand of the lady in that of the captain, whilst he said, in a low tone, "Silence!" The hand of the lady trembled. Frederick, without knowing why, trembled likewise. They approached the altar. The Hidalgo followed Frederick like his shadow. The bridegroom by force, then saw a priest kneeling before the altar, who rose, turned towards them and blessed them, and then began the marriage mass.

Frederick scarcely knew what was passing before and around him. As he approached the altar, his unknown bride leaned towards him and murmured in a soft voice, "Carmens is too happy! She fears that some misfortune is at hand." At this moment the Hidalgo suddenly placed himself between the betrothed, and said, in a low but strongly agitated voice, "Carmens forgets her promises, and the dangers that threaten her husband."

The priest had now begun the prayers. Frederick cast a hurried glance around him. The wavering flame of a lamp afforded too little light to enable him to see distinctly. But a few paces distance he perceived the shadows of two men, his jailer, no doubt, and some other servant equally devoted, who were there as witnesses of his mysterious union. On his right was the terrible Hidalgo, on his left his bride, whose figure he sought in vain to make out. Ah! thought he, if I could only see if she were pretty!

The prayers continued. The priest descended from the altar and approached the betrothed. The usual questions were put, but so low that the captain did not hear them, but he replied, yes. At this moment he felt his heart beat, and he said to himself, "Well! marriage is a strange thing! People may laugh, but when one kneels before God and his priest, holding in his hand the hand of a young girl—for she must be young—one cannot avoid being moved. It is very odd, but if my wife is amiable and not altogether ugly, I think that I shall love her and make her happy."

The rings were exchanged, and the new-married couple united and blessed. On a desk a book was lying open; Frederick was led to it and signed. His wife was brought forward, and he thought he observed that the Hidalgo, under the pretext of pointing out to her where she ought to sign, concealed with his hand his name.

At a sign from the mysterious personage, our young officer took the hand of his wife, and they crossed the chapel to reach the door by which they had entered.

All at once a loud noise was heard without, and the door was violently thrown open. A man appeared on the threshold, accompanied by servants bearing torches. The bride uttered a piercing shriek, snatched her hand from that of Frederick, and sought to rush towards the new comer, but she tottered and fainted away, murmuring "Fernando."

The stranger, pale and beautiful as the statue of Jupiter Tonans, cast upon those around him glances of anger and dismay. The Hidalgo rushed between him and the bride; four powerful arms seized on the captain and dragged him to a door, a carriage was waiting, he was thrust into it, the door closed, and the horses set off at full gallop. All this occurred in less time than we have taken to describe it. Frederick, dazzled by the sudden blaze of the torches, had merely seen a woman fainting, a man remarkably handsome, but whose features had scarcely left any impression on his memory, and a crowd of persons muffled in cloaks and disguised by their slouched hats.

The carriage drove rapidly. "Confound it!" muttered Frederick, "I scarcely know where I am going. What has occurred? am I asleep, or awake? My wife, for she is my wife after all, is named Carmens—a very pretty name indeed! And this is nearly all I know of the matter. But almost all the women in Spain have that name, and what other means of identification do I possess? Where is the castle? With whom have I had to do? Are they robbers or great lords? Suppose I stop the coachman; perhaps, by the help of money, I may get some information; at Paris with a Napoleon one might make all the coachmen chatter like magpies."

He put his head out of the right-hand door, but notwithstanding the darkness he could perceive a horseman galloping by the side of the carriage; and making a similar experiment on the left, he found he was equally well-guarded there.

"The deuce!" he thought, "a guard of honor. Oh! I am in a rage. The prisoner of I know not whom! Married to I know not whom! and travelling I know not whither! Oh, Anne Radcliffe, what are your romances compared to this? What are your shadows by the side of my phantoms? What are your dreams to my realities!"

The carriage moved rapidly onwards. Daylight began to dawn. Our captain thought that the horses must be exhausted, for they had galloped furiously for six hours without relaxing or showing any signs of fatigue.

Still suffering from the effects of the poison, the excitement of the scenes he had witnessed, and the fatigues of the journey, were too much for him; he sunk into lethargic slumber. Aroused by the sudden stoppage of the carriage, he opened his eyes, and at the same moment the door opened; a man in a mask stood before him. "You must alight," said he.

Frederick did not require to be asked twice. He jumped out of his movable prison, and found himself in a solitary road.

The man vaulted on the back of his steed, and carriage, men, and horses were turned about, and departed.

"Holloa! friend," cried Frederick, "where am I?"

The man in the mask replied by pointing to a

sign-post, on which was written, *Frontier, Road to France.*

"Much obliged," cried the officer to his late escort; "thank you for company; my compliments to my wife." His mute companions were already at a distance.

"France!" said Frederick, with much emotion. "My country! Dear, beautiful France! I am about to behold thee once more." Then, as if recollecting himself, he exclaimed, "But, morbleu! I forgot to give my address to those good folks. Suppose, some day, my wife should take it into her head to recall her husband into active service, how should she know where to find me?" He looked back laughing, but the carriage and escort were out of sight, so he pursued his way towards France.

Twenty years had elapsed, and the glories of the empire had passed away. The great games of ambition had been played and lost. Peace, purchased on conditions so painful to the national vanity, reigned with the Bourbons, and the heroes of the great revolutionary war were dispersed in many directions. Some continued to serve their country, without regarding the person of the chief whom the force of events had placed at their head; others, considering that the fate of Napoleon was finally sealed at Waterloo, scrupled not to offer their services to his successor without regarding this as a betrayal of their oaths to the emperor. Not a few worshipped the memory of Napoleon, and, weeping for the fallen glories of their country, quitted the service, and lived on the remembrance of the past, faithful to him to whom they owed their rank, their title, and their fortunes.

Among the last was our joyous hero, Frederick Duvernay. But Frederick, who was only a captain when we were formerly acquainted with him, had risen in rank with a rapidity which would have appeared prodigious at any other time. I will not relate the exploits by which he worthily obtained his high promotion, but will merely say that his valor and conduct fully justified the imperial favors. At the epoch of the restoration he was general, count of the empire, and grand cross of the legion of honor. His private life was that of the veteran, old, not in years, but in fatigue and wounds. He had neither wife, nor children, nor family. He had inherited an ample fortune, and lived at Paris in a handsome hotel, surrounded by the comforts and luxuries of life. His disposition always gay, his manners simple yet elegant, with a rough frankness not inconsistent with grace and wit, made him much admired. But he often neglected balls and splendid feasts for the pleasure of collecting round his table some of his old brother officers, who had partaken of the dangers of the grand army without reaping their corresponding share of rank and fortune. At the same time he called to his house some of the youthful aspirers to military renown, and chastened the pride of their bright epaulettes and their new uniforms by the contrast with the well-won honors of his veteran friends, whilst he stimulated their zeal by the recital of the great campaigns of the empire.

The well-founded renown of General Duvernay obtained for him the deference and respect of men of every age and rank, and, in spite of his forty-eight years, he was favorably regarded by the young unmarried ladies, and not less obsequiously by the mammas. He was also a mark for the widows, especially those who possessed wealth

derived from commerce or finance, who would have rejoiced to ennoble their gold with the title of countess, and purify the source of their riches by contact with the military glory of the general. People were surprised to behold the hero of so many ambitious dreams remain deaf and blind to the seductions of these charmers, and none could guess the cause for such apparent indifference; but we who are behind the scenes know that our general was well and duly married in Spain. To whom and how? The enigma was still in all the obscurity in which it had been shrouded on the eventful night of the wedding. It was not his fault, however, that the solution was still to be sought for. Frederick had retained a romantic recollection of that strange night when he gave his name to an unknown bride, and had almost fallen in love with the wife he had never seen. In spite of the thick veil with which she was covered, his imagination had persuaded him that the lady was possessed of great attractions. He said to himself, "My wife concealed herself with care; she must have been pretty. Her hand was small and white and delicate; she must have been of gentle blood. Her voice was perfectly melodious, and she uttered the name of Fernando with an accent that thrilled from the heart. This proves that she must have been tender and loving, and a treasure for the husband who should be able to attach to himself such qualities. Therefore, at any cost, I will seek for my wife. I am either married or not, and I am resolved to know the truth. The law gives me the rights, and if my wife is young and beautiful I am determined to assert them."

So our soldier, taking advantage of a leave of absence, on recovering from some dangerous wounds, wandered through Spain. He first went to the village. There he found the house and the ruined convent where the officers and men had been nearly poisoned, but it was in vain he explored the country around and questioned the inhabitants. He could not obtain the slightest clue to the mystery which haunted his imagination. In vain he inquired for a tall man concealed in a large cloak, for a lady in a large veil, for a handsome young man concealed in nothing—all; nobody could give any information in reply to his vague inquiries. Wearied with these fruitless researches, he was compelled to quit the country, and resume his military duties in a distant part of the globe, and in his zeal for the service and brilliant warlike achievements, forgot his marriage for a time.

Becoming free at the fall of the emperor, he again resumed his researches, which were as fruitless as they had formerly been. He then caused the following advertisement to be inserted in all the Spanish newspapers:—

"NOTICE.

"General Frederick Duvernay, who was in Spain, at Villafranca on the 2nd September, 1808, is now in Paris, at his Hotel in the Rue du Helder."

This done, he returned to Paris and lived the quiet routine of life we have described.

Often, when exposed to the battery of a pair of bright eyes, he had sighed with regret at the thought of the mysterious restraint on his liberty, and as often felt tempted to set at naught a ceremony which had been so fruitless. But, however disputable such half matrimony, he reflected on the consequences which might result from exposing

himself to a charge of bigamy. His wife, whom he often suspected of being neither more nor less than a witch, might be on the watch to detect him if he committed such a delinquency. So he was obliged to continue patiently to enact his part of a married bachelor.

One fine morning in December it happened, for a wonder, that the general was at breakfast alone, and with his feet upon the hobs sipping a capital bottle of claret, of which he had given a bumper to Baptiste, a brave veteran, who had followed him in all his campaigns.

"Well, Baptiste, what say you to that wine? If we had had such a bottle on the banks of the Berasina?"

"Oh! as for that, general, it would have been kindly welcome, and would have helped to blow a little warmth into our fingers. Truly it goes down pleasantly!"

At the same moment, and whilst Baptiste was quietly sipping his glass, his eye sparkling with pleasure, the door opened, and an old friend of the general, Captain Norbert, appeared.

Baptiste, to his great regret, emptied the glass at a draught, and withdrew.

"Ah! parbleu! you have just come in time, Norbert," said the general, gayly. "You must breakfast with me; there's a capital Strasbourg pie hardly begun. Sit you down."

"No, thank you, general."

"Why, what is the matter with you? You look like the Austrians when we have beaten them."

"The fact is, general, I have just witnessed a combat in which a brave young fellow, a mere child, has fallen dangerously wounded."

"A duel—so, so; now that there is no more fighting for our country, we risk our lives for the sake of a word."

"Why, general, when that word is so dishonorable to one of the surviving veterans of our armies, it is natural that a brave heart should resent and seek, at any rate, to force back the calumnious word with a sword thrust down the throat of the utterer."

"You are right, morbleu!" cried the general, who was very sensitive about the reputation of the soldiers of the empire. "And, besides, I have no pity for calumniators. But who is the hero of this duel? One of our young officers?"

"No, general; an artist, a painter."

"Indeed! I thought that those merry blades only fought with the brushes."

"They fight like lions, general, in defence of those whom they love and respect."

"But how did all this happen?"

"Thus. We were twelve of us at breakfast yesterday. Derville had brought with him a young painter of great promise, named Paul. After breakfast we went to the Café de la Regence. At a table near us were four young men talking loud and in a disagreeable tone, wearing long mustachios, and dressed in the extreme of the fashion. These gentlemen seemed to take pleasure in heaping abuse on all those generals most esteemed by the country. One especially, the loudest in these calumnies, appeared to think that each brilliant exploit performed by another was so much renown of which he himself was robbed. We were losing patience, and our looks bespoke our indignation, when the youth in question came to facts and uttered a name. We saw Paul tremble with emotion."

"The painter!"

"Yes; the brave lad is an enthusiast for the emperor and his veterans, and it happened that the name pronounced was that of one with whose exploits he was most familiar. He half rose, when the scoundrel asserted that the general in question had made his fortune by the plunder of Italy and Spain; the sentence was not finished before the slanderer had received a couple of resounding blows on the face."

"Very good! And it was the little painter that did it?"

"Yes, general. This morning he fought in defence of his hero, whom by the way he has never seen, and wounded his antagonist, but, carried away by his ardor, he ran upon the opponent's sword and received a dangerous wound on the breast."

"What a misfortune! Why, I love the brave boy already. You must introduce me to him."

"Yes, if he survives."

"But who was the general insulted yesterday, and so boldly avenged to-day?"

"You, general."

"I!"

The general bounded like a wounded lion.

"I! morbleu! Why did you not tell me directly? This brave boy is dangerously wounded for my sake, and I sitting quietly at breakfast! Quick! Norbert. Baptiste, my hat and gloves! Let us be off at once to see the painter."

Duvernay ran down stairs, followed by Norbert, and jumped into a coach that was passing.

"Rue du Buffault," said the captain.

"And gallop for your life," cried the general. "If you kill the horses, I will pay you for them."

In less than five minutes they were at their journey's end. The two friends climbed six flights of stairs, and the general, puffing for breath, entered the painter's garret.

The artist was on the bed, pale and covered with blood. The surgeon, who had just dressed his wound, was still with him.

"How is he, doctor?" inquired Duvernay, anxiously. "Is he dead? Is he alive?"

"He will recover sir, with great care."

"Care! care! That shall not be wanting." The general approached the bed, shuddering. "Why, he is dead!"

"No, sir, I will answer for that. He fainted with loss of blood, and has not yet recovered his senses."

Duvernay gazed on him for a moment in mute emotion. Then pressing Norbert's hand, he said, pointing to the wounded youth, "A fine head! A noble forehead! What a misfortune if he had been killed, and for me! We must take him to my house."

In three months' time, the general sat gayly at breakfast with his young friend almost convalescent. Leaning his two elbows on the table, and looking full at the youth, he said, "Let us be frank. What is your name?"

"Paul."

"That is all?"

"That is all."

"It is short; but no matter. Your parents?"

"I have none. I am an orphan."

"And you have nothing?"

"Only hope and resolution. I have been told that I have talent, and hope with time and labor——"

"Yes, yes, a great deal of both. And while

waiting for fame and wealth, you live in a garret, and with inspiration on your brow your poor toes will be nipped with the frost. That will never do. Come, how did you get to know me?"

"Like everybody. Besides, two years ago I was intimate with a neighbor, an old officer, who served under you, named Bertrand."

"I recollect him. He died a short time ago."

"He told me your story, all your deeds of courage, of daring, of goodness; without knowing you, I loved and admired, I heard you insulted—"

"You rushed like a lion upon the calumniator. Good! I like such enthusiasm. Under Napoleon you would have made a smart officer; but now-a-days to keep guard in an ante-chamber, it is better to forget you wear a sword at all. Now listen to me, my lad; I am getting old, am a bachelor without children, or near relations; you must remain with me."

"But, general—"

"There are no buts in the case. I am your commanding officer; obey. Besides, you may work and still become a great painter, a Raphael if you like; I shall not object. Your first pictures shall adorn my drawing-room. You shall have a separate suite of apartments with a painting-room; you shall be as free as air—to work when you like."

"Oh, but general—"

"Fiddlestick! no buts. Have you a right to expose yourself to be killed for me, and have I not a right to enable you to live? I adopt you for my son. You have no name. Well, here is one ready-made for you—Paul Duvernay. It is as good as another."

Tears of emotion suffused the young painter's eyes. "Oh, general! my blood, my life, all is yours. I accept your name with joy and pride, and I swear to you to try and make it as glorious in the arts, as you have rendered it in war, and even then I shall have done nothing towards repaying you."

"Parbleu! I should like to know if it is not I who am the person obliged! Living alone, with no one to care about me, when I could not recruit a few old soldiers, I was obliged to dine alone in front of these old bottles, I was unable to empty. Now you shall help me. In a word, I wanted somebody to love, somebody to love me."

"Like a son," cried Paul, and, giving way to his feelings, he embraced his benefactor.

Henceforward Paul was regarded in the general's house as his son, and though the malicious sneered at the adoption, and regarded it as an atonement for a peccadillo of his youth, the worthy soldier laughed, and gave himself no uneasiness on that account.

Time flew on. Paul made great progress in his art, and his pictures displayed a richness of color and splendor of execution, the reflection as it were of his happiness.

Some friends of Duvernay, witnesses of the success of the young artist, recommended a journey through Italy. "Faith," cried the general, "you are right. I have seen Italy, it is true, but it was amidst the noise and smoke of battle, and when the fight was over, I thought of little else than the pretty girls and good wine. Now, in Paul's company, I should see things with different eyes. What do you say, Paul?"

"Indeed, general, I am afraid to form a wish, you are so prompt to gratify me; but, to say the

truth, I have long wished to visit Italy, that holy land, where art is revealed in all its splendor."

"In three days we will start," said the general.

The slight tinge of melancholy, which often shaded the brow of Paul, gave way to exuberant joy. Who can be sad, at twenty years of age, with the imagination of a poet, the head of a painter, a good travelling carriage, and the prospect of making the tour of one of the most beautiful countries in the world, with the best of friends, and plenty of money in his pocket?

They talk of Rome. "Yes," said the general, on the evening preceding their departure, "we shall see the eternal city, as it is called; but you will allow me, I hope, to make a little halt at a place where my heart would not have objected to take up its winter quarters."

"How so, general?" inquired Paul.

"I may as well tell you. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Two leagues from Lyons, on the Swiss road, there is a little country-house by the water-side, a beautiful spot. In the troubles of 1815, I commanded a brigade at Lyons, and was at one time compelled to make the villa in question my head-quarters. Its mistress, the Baroness de Luchon, was a widow. She could not have been more than twenty-two years of age. Beautiful as an angel, full of wit, perfect in her manners, she did the honors of her house with a graceful melancholy, which made a deep impression upon me. I remained there six days, and my poor heart became more and more enthralled. It was for the first time in my life. But this woman, with her gentle smile, her pensiveness, which I attributed to the recent loss of her husband, and large dark eyes, which smiled so strangely when I tried to speak of love, closed my lips. I left her to return to Lyons, asking permission to visit her occasionally. She consented, and, previously to my quitting Lyons, I had seen her several times."

"Then you spoke to her of your love?"

"Why, yes, but I was as bashful as a recruit. After a few skirmishes I found the fortress without a weak point, and felt that there was no hope for my forlorn-hope."

"But, general, with such a name as yours—"

"Yes, my name, if I had been free to give it, but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, that is a long story; I will tell it some day. At present let us drop the subject. Since then I have seen her several times; last autumn I paid her a visit, and I think she is as handsome, as witty, and as agreeable as ever. It is to see her that we are going. I have written to her about you, told her of your gallant conduct; and she has warmly congratulated me on finding a son to smooth the approach of old age. I have promised to present you to her."

We pass over the details of the journey till our travellers approached the villa of the baroness. The general could not conceal his emotion. He laughed and talked loud, and, seeing a slight ironical smile playing on the lips of his young companion, cried,

"Well, sir, so you are laughing at me, a gray-beard of fifty, an old patched, repaired soldier, venturing to let his heart beat on approaching a lady's bower. Well, it is dull; it is not exactly love, but something better, I think, a good solid friendship."

At length the little chateau appeared in sight. In five minutes the carriage stopped, and the gate was opened by an old servant, who received the travellers as expected and welcome guests.

"How are you, Pierre?" said the general, "and your mistress, my good fellow?"

"Oh, general, my mistress will be so glad to see you! I think she is coming."

Duvernay rushed up the steps, and Paul followed smiling at this juvenile ardor. As the former placed his hand upon the glass handle of the hall door, it opened and the baroness appeared. She was radiant with joy, and held out her hand to him, which he carried to his lips quickly.

"At length, my friend. You were wrong to remain so long without coming to see your poor recluse."

She said this as she returned to the drawing-room, without thinking of even looking at her friend's adopted son.

Paul, meanwhile, saw that the general's praises of the baroness were not exaggerated, and that she was really a beautiful woman. Though thirty-six years of age, she might easily have passed for twenty-eight, her manners were so admirable, her air so charming.

"And my poor Paul, whom I had almost forgotten," said the general, taking the young man's hand; "my son, madame, my beloved son."

The baroness smiled sweetly as she turned her eyes towards Paul, but scarcely had she beheld him when she uttered a cry, rushed forward, and then stood motionless before him, and gazed steadfastly but painfully upon his agitated face.

Duvernay looked on with amazement, and his adopted son could make nothing of the strange scene.

"In the name of Heaven," said she, in a trembling voice, "who are you? Your name! your name!"

"My name—Paul," replied the young man, agitated, though he knew not why.

"Paul is not a surname—your mother?"

"I scarcely knew her," answered Paul, sadly, "and I never knew her name."

"You were not born in France?"

"No, madame."

"Where then?"

"Spain."

"Oh my God! near Bergara?" continued the baroness, whose violent emotion was every moment increasing.

"Yes, madame, near Bergara."

"In a poor inn, where you remained until three years old?"

"Yes, yes, it was there that I twice returned in search of my mother."

"Oh, my son! my Pablo! my son!"

"My mother!"

The baroness sank into her child's arms, to whom she clung in a sort of rapture, and then fainted.

"Help! help!" cried the general, pulling the bell.

The servants ran in, terrified.

"Parbleu!" cried he, "you move like tortoises; your mistress has fainted away."

Paul had carried his mother to the sofa, and, kneeling before her, wept, and called upon her name. By slow degrees she recovered, and, passing her arm round her son's neck, covered him with kisses and tears.

"My son! my adored child! Thou whom I

have mourned for during eighteen years. How could I be deceived! The living image of his father—his father so much beloved, so pitiless as to rob me of my child! Oh, let me behold thee! After so much sorrow I cannot believe in such happiness."

Big tears trickled down the general's cheeks.

At length the baroness arose, and, stretching out her hand to Duvernay, cried,

"For these two years, general, you have been a father to him; my affection was well placed upon the man destined to restore me my child."

"Parbleu! Baroness, you make me too happy."

"But tell me, my child," continued Madame Luchon, "why did you leave Spain? Your father!"

"My father! I have only seen him once in my life."

"Only once in your life! What do you say?"

"My history is a short one. I must have been about five years old the morning you left me alone for a moment. A man came to fetch me as if from you; since then I beheld you no more. I was taken to a fine house, in Madrid, I believe; they gave me toys and caressed me much, but I was ever asking for you and weeping. Every morning they promised that you would come in the evening, and every night they hushed me to repose with the words, 'Your mother will be here to-morrow.'"

"Poor child!"

"It was there that I passed my early childhood. Once only, a man, still young, but whose countenance was stern and sad, appeared before me, and they told me that it was my father. I was about to embrace him, but his coldness froze my heart. He conversed with the person who took care of me, and I shall never forget the following phrase, which made a great impression upon me:

"'You were wrong,' said he, 'to acquaint the child with the tie that unites us; let him forget it. You know the barrier that exists between us, though I will provide for him. When he is old enough to choose a profession, my assistance shall not be wanting.'"

"And his mother?" inquired the other.

"She is in France, and will never see him more."

"I reached my sixteenth year, always having preserved the memory of this scene, and the desire of again seeing my mother, separated from me by an abuse of power which nothing could justify. I felt humiliated by benefits which did not spring from affection; they were as repugnant to me as alms. I had always had a great taste for painting, and was allowed in this respect to follow my inclination. I resolved to become independent by practising the art I excelled in. I had been told that my mother was in France, so I turned my thoughts towards Paris. My tutor was a Frenchman, and his language familiar to me; we often talked of his country, of which he told me wonderful stories. I was allowed as much money as I wished, and, in the hope of realizing my project, I had for two years denied myself everything I could. At last I found myself master of three thousand francs. With this sum in my pocket I one day took the road to France, during the absence of my tutor. I was so much afraid of being pursued, that I changed my name of Pablo for that of Paul, and henceforward concealed my country and the melancholy history of my life. I will not tell you, my mother, how cheaply I performed my journey, and how many privations I

endured after arriving in Paris. But I did not lose courage, and labored night and day. At last I sold a few sketches. Whenever I could snatch a moment from labor, I sought for you, my mother, and not knowing your name I said to myself, that when I should meet you a voice would cry in the depth of my heart, 'Behold your mother! Mother, behold your son!' And I was right."

"God has guided us to each other, my Pablo."

"And here is the instrument chosen to unite us," said the young man, approaching Duvernay.

"No matter," muttered the general, sadly; "you will no longer love me as your father."

"Ah, if you will," answered Paul, in a low voice, "you can be my father, more than ever."

The general did not reply, and looked down gloomily.

Paul shuddered. He fancied that he perceived in his kind protector's emotion an accusation against his mother, and this shocked him. He believed his mother to be free, without inquiring how or why, or suspecting any wrong at the bottom of this mystery. He turned towards her. She was gazing tenderly on him and her friend—on the son she had so lamented—the only friend she possessed in the world. "Mother," said he in an agitated tone, "tell me now why I was torn from your love; what is the name of my father, and the mystery which hangs over my birth."

An expression of extreme sadness clouded the noble countenance of the baroness. She pressed her son's hand, and her melancholy glance seemed to hesitate as she looked at the general.

"Not yet, my son," she almost whispered, "I must reflect before turning to so cruel a past; this evening I will tell you all, to you and to our friend. Till then let me enjoy my happiness without interruption and regret."

The baroness, after yielding for a time to the inexpressible joys of a mother on finding a lost child, at last recollected the duties she owed to guests so dear, and thought of the repose of which they must stand in need. The general was shown to his apartment, but she proposed another in haste close to her own for Paul; it seemed that, if she quitted him for a moment, she ran the risk of losing him forever.

The general entered his chamber in a bad humor, not because he regretted the happiness which had befallen the baroness, but because he feared that he was about to become isolated again. After dismissing his servant, he dressed hastily, and began walking up and down the room. "No matter," he muttered, "but if I had thought that the baroness, so reserved a woman, had—but she was very young, and, besides, I know nothing yet; perhaps she was married; and this Baron de Luchon strikes me as having been a strange sort of fellow. The poor woman has always been so melancholy. Has she not always told me that she would never marry? And in fact what am I thinking about? What does her past life matter to me? She is a good, noble woman, a tender mother—the mother of Paul. We will get her to remove to Paris; she shall be my friend; for, *monbleu!* nothing shall induce me to separate from Paul. She is his mother, it is true, but I am his adopted father, and if she must have him, let us share him together."

The idea pleased the brave general mightily, and when the dinner-bell rang, and Paul, his face radiant with joy, came to the good man's room, he

went down, seriously resolved to pass the remainder of his life between Madame de Luchon and Paul, her son.

After dinner they returned to the drawing-room. The evenings of early May are often chilly, even in the south of France; and a bright wood fire sparkled on the hearth. The baroness took her place on one side of the fire, the general occupied the opposite corner, and Paul sat between them, his hand clasped in that of his mother.

"You promised us your history, dear mother," said he, looking at her affectionately. Again the features of Madame de Luchon became sad. She reflected for a moment, and then said in an agitated tone, "Child, it is the history of a fault. I have suffered so much that God must have accepted my atonement. I cannot doubt it since he has restored me my son," and kissing Paul's forehead, as if to recover confidence, continued: "Luchon is not my name; France is not my country. I came hither to conceal my grief, and to escape from hatred and persecution. Born in Spain, of a noble but poor family; an orphan at five years of age, I was left to the care of two brothers, ambitious, avaricious, and debauched men. At the age of fifteen, a fatal chance made me acquainted with the young Count de Estrelia. I had seen him with my brothers. He loved me; I was alone in the world, without affection for any one, without his love cast sunshine on my heart. My brothers were almost constantly absent, and I received the count secretly every evening. We loved. He was, like me, very young, and under the control of his father, one of the most powerful *grandes* of Spain, proud of his race, and of his family alliances. It was on the steps of the throne that he sought a wife for his son. The young count energetically refused, and imprudently declared that he would never have a wife but her who had received his vows in the face of Heaven. Then he came to me, urging me to place an insurmountable obstacle to the wishes of his father by a secret marriage. Fools that we were to seek to struggle against such a power; we poor children, who had no defence but our mutual love!

"It was agreed that we should not meet again for a week, as he was followed and watched. On the eighth day he promised to bring a priest to unite us.

"Next day, my eldest brother came alone into my room. 'I know all,' said he. 'You have forgotten the honor of our house, and my first impulse was that your life should be a sacrifice for such degeneracy. But I have seen the count; he loves you, and offers to repair the wrong he has inflicted upon us. Everything is ready for your marriage. It shall take place this very night.'

"To-night!" said I, much surprised.

"Yes," replied he. "The count is closely watched. To-night, at twelve o'clock, he will be in the chapel; we will meet him there; our servants can act as witnesses. Not a word must be exchanged; the chapel is dark; the slightest imprudence may ruin us. The count recommends you to follow his counsels exactly, for the spies of his father are constantly about him."

"I believed all that my brother said. Oh, I never can forget that horrible night! At midnight my brother came to seek me—made me shroud myself in a veil. We crossed the garden, we reached the chapel; my hand was placed in that of my bridegroom; we were married, and—as I

quitted the altar, happy and proud, the door of the chapel opened, and the count appeared pale and distracted."

"Ah! *morbleu!* you are my wife!" cried the general, starting up and falling at the feet of the baroness, who looked at him with astonishment, not unmingled with fear.

"Good God! what do you say?"

"Is it possible? Yes, yes! Do not stare at me so; I am not mad, although like to become so with joy and happiness! Carmen—is not that your name?"

"Carmen de Santiago."

"And his name was Fernando?"

"Yes, yes."

"That was it. It was that great Turk of a brother of yours who kept me locked up for twenty hours! The little gloomy chapel! And you said—'Carmen is too happy!'"

"Ah, yes! But pardon me, general; I cannot believe, I cannot understand—how you could have consented—"

"*Pardi!*—twenty-four hours in a dungeon, with the perspective of passing my life there, or being starved to death, if I refused to marry with my eyes shut; I had no alternative."

"Ah! now I understand all. It is true, my brother since confessed that he had compelled a French officer to accept my hand."

"You hated me, then; and now that you know—"

"I hated the stranger who had thus blighted my hopes. But you are no longer so; you are the adopted father of my Paul. You will always love me; will you not?" and the soft voice of the baroness trembled.

"*Parbleu!* Since I began without knowing—I have only to go on. You know how sincere my friendship is for you."

"It shall be still better," whispered Paul, who had joined the hands of the general and the baroness. "But," continued he, in a louder tone, "why this marriage?"

"My brother," resumed the baroness, "afterwards owned with unfeeling, selfish indifference, the reasons for his conduct. I have told you that our fortune was not in proportion to our rank. The father of Ferdinand had sent for my brothers, and given them to understand that he was all-powerful at the court; that if they lent themselves to a clandestine union between his son and me, he would crush them with the weight of his vengeance; but if, on the contrary, they contrived means of separating us forever, he would give them fifty thousand dollars, and take them under his patronage. My unworthy brothers trembled, and they consented to the base bargain. My elder brother then invented the marriage plot; how he carried it into execution, you are aware. As proud as they were mean, my brothers would not acknowledge a French officer for their brother-in-law, so you were escorted to the frontier. I thanked them for sparing me this shame, for I was about to become a mother."

"Poor lady!" groaned the general.

"My despair was dreadful. I fled and concealed my dishonor in a poor inn near Madrid. There my Paul was born. Fernando discovered my hiding-place, and wished to see me. I refused. I had hoped to become his wife, but would not consent to be his mistress. Fernando did not know me. He suspected that ambition was my motive, and his heart turned against me; and to be revenged, he robbed me of my child! Mad—desperate—I did all that was possible to recover my son. I begged, I entreated, but he remained inflexible. He swore to me that my son was no longer in Spain, and that I should never see him more. Such grief was too much. For six months I was between life and death, but youth triumphed, and I recovered. I then learned that my brothers had been killed in a gambling-house brawl. I was disgusted with Spain. I trembled lest at some moment my unknown husband might appear and claim me. I realized the remains of our fortune, and came to France under an assumed name. For twenty years I have grieved for my son. Your friendship, general, has indeed been an alleviation to my sufferings. God has declared that my trials have lasted long enough. I now forget my sorrows. I pardon those who sacrificed me."

"Oh, my mother! what happiness! Heaven has restored you your son, and has given you the affection of my benefactor!"

"Silence, boy!"

"For the general has loved you these ten years."

"What shall I do?—be quiet, can't you?" muttered Duvernay, changing countenance.

"It was on your account that he regretted the liberty he had lost in Spain."

"Have you finished?"

"Come, come, general; if I do not tell the truth, say so. Are you sorry that my mother is your wife?"

"Sorry! sorry! Why, I am like to go mad with joy at such unparalleled happiness! If she would only say, 'Well, general, I no longer regret the trick put upon me.' Sorry! If I could—if I dared—"

"Well! come, general," said Madame Duvernay, for so we must now call her, holding out her hand to him, "do not put yourself in a passion; and—since you are my husband, I see no objection to acknowledging our marriage in France."

"Then you will assume the name of Duvernay?"

"With pride."

"And become lady and mistress of my house?"

"It would be my greatest happiness."

The general, not yet daring to embrace his wife—an hymeneal anomaly which occurs oftener than people imagine—half stifled Paul in his arms. The journey to Italy was put off till the ensuing year, and in a fortnight the general, who had lost no time, assisted by his wife, received a certificate of his marriage from Spain, and turned poor Paul out of the room he occupied next to that of Madame Duvernay.

EVERY man thinks that Caesar's "wife" ought to be above suspicion, but he is far less particular as to what Caesar ought to be.

It is wise and well to look on the cloud of sorrow as though we expected it to turn into a rainbow.

SOME writers think they are expounding mysteries while they are only mystifying.

BEWARE of the recoil of sinful indulgences; we may break our necks over the orange-peel of our own throwing down.

From Chambers' Journal.

SAMPLES OF UNCLE SAM'S 'CUTENESS.

In some respects, Uncle Sam and Brother Jonathan are "familiar as household words" on the lips of John Bull; but it may be safely affirmed, notwithstanding, that the English know less of the Americans than the Americans know of the English. We are in the way of meeting with our transatlantic cousins very frequently, and never without having our present affirmation abundantly confirmed. This mingled ignorance and indifference on the part of Englishmen to what is going on in Yankeeedom, besides being discreditable, will soon be injurious, as any one may satisfy himself by a perusal of a couple of pleasant volumes from the pen of Captain Mackinnon,* who travelled through the States lately, with his eyes open, not to their faults only, as might have been expected in an officer of Her Majesty's navy, but to their virtues, attainments, and enterprises. He has been out spying the land, and brings back a report which, though not new to those in the habit of reading American newspapers, and talking with American visitors, will be both new and interesting—we should hope stimulative—to the majority of our countrymen. We shall fulfil a duty, and confer benefit as well as pleasure, by picking out of the captain's log-book some of the choicest samples of Uncle Sam's 'cuteness, which will serve to show, at the same time, the progress and prospects of that great commonwealth.

Captain Mackinnon believes the mind of the Americans to be the keenest and most adaptable in the world. They acquire information of any kind so rapidly, and have such ready dexterity in mechanical employments, that the very slightest efforts put them on a par with Europeans of far greater experience. After describing New York—which we shall return to, if we have space—the author gives the results of a visit to the dock-yards at Brooklyn, Boston, and other places. Brooklyn "contains perhaps the finest dry-dock in the world." Here he saw all the latest English improvements improved! He was informed, on unquestionable authority, that no new instrument of war is elaborated in England, without being immediately known to the authorities in the United States; and that the commission of naval officers, now sitting at Washington to reorganize the navy ordnance and gunnery exercise, are assisted materially by the experience of men educated in Her Majesty's ship *Excellent*.

The first object of interest in approaching the Fulton Ferry was a large ship, which was loading with wheat for Europe. To accelerate the introduction of the cargo, a grain-elevator was employed. This novel machine pumped the grain from barges or canal-boats, on one side, in a continuous stream into the ship's hold, at the rate of 2000 bushels per hour. It was not only passed into the vessel at this prodigious rate, but likewise accurately measured in the operation. American naval officers have taken a hint from this ingenious labor-saving contrivance, and successfully adapted it to the purpose of supplying powder with great speed and regularity to the batteries of large ships.

What are those huge castles rushing madly across the East River? Let us cross in the *Mon-*

tauk from Fulton Ferry, and survey the freight. There are fourteen carriages; and the passengers are countless—at least 600. Onward she darts at headlong speed, until, apparently in perilous proximity to her wharf, a frightful collision appears inevitable. The impatient Yankees press—each to be the first to jump ashore. The loud "twang" of a bell is suddenly heard; the powerful engine is quickly reversed, and the way of the vessel is so instantaneously stopped, that the dense mass of passengers insensibly leans forward from the sudden check. These boats cost about 6000*l*. In economy, beauty, commodiousness, and speed, they form a striking contrast to the steam-ferry from Portsmouth to Gosport, which cost, it is said, 20,000*l*. The author strongly advises persons in Europe, who have any intention of projecting steam-ferries, to take a leaf out of the Yankee book. As an example: If the Portsmouth Ferry had been conducted on the same principles as the Fulton Ferry, a very large profit would have ensued, instead of the concern being overwhelmed in debt.

Here is another sample of Yankee *go-aheadism*. A launch! We are in Webb's shipbuilding-yard. Look around. Five huge vessels are on the stocks; three are to be launched at high water. The first is a liner of 1708 tons, built for running, and, with a fair wind, it will out sail any man-of-war afloat. The second is a steamer of 2500 tons. The third is a gigantic yacht of 1500 tons, nearly as sharp as any yacht in England. Five thousand seven hundred and eight tons were launched from one builder, and within thirty minutes!

The clipper-ships, although certainly the finest class of vessels afloat, are very uneasy in a sea. Mr. Steers, the builder of the far-famed yacht *America*, is very sanguine that he will produce a faster vessel than has yet ploughed the seas, and Captain Mackinnon is inclined to believe that he will. His new clipper-vessels will be as easy in motion as superior in sailing. The great merit of Mr. Steers, as the builder of the *America*, is in his having invented a perfectly original model, as new in America as in Europe. He informed our author that the idea, so successfully carried out in the *America's* model, struck him when a boy of eight years old. He was looking on at the moulding of a vessel by his father (an Englishman), when suddenly it occurred to him that a great improvement might be made in the construction; and the *modus operandi* speedily took possession of his mind. Mr. Steers thinks that a shallow vessel, with a sliding keel, can be built to out sail any vessel, even on his improved model. This is likely to be tested next summer in England, as a sloop, the *Silvia*, built by Steers on this construction, is preparing to try her speed at Cowes next season. The author carefully noted this craft when on the stocks alongside the *America*,* and he believes "that no vessel in England has the ghost of a chance against her."

The English ship-builders have a great deal to learn from Brother Jonathan, not only in the fashion of build, but likewise in the "fitting and rigging." An American London liner is sailed with half the number of men required by an English ship of the same size, and yet the work is got through as well and as expeditiously. The various mechanical contrivances to save labor might be beneficially copied by English ships.

* Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches, Afloat and Ashore. By Captain Mackinnon, R. N. 2 vols. Colburn & Co. 1852.

* The *America* lost her laurels at Cowes a few weeks ago.

A merchant-vessel, on the clipper-principle, can be turned out by a Baltimore builder for from 107 to 122, a ton, complete in all her fittings. This is much cheaper than in England, which appears unaccountable, considering the rate of wages; but so much more work is done by the workmen for their wages, that labor is as cheap, if not cheaper, there than here. "Cotton-duck" sails are almost exclusively used by American vessels under 300 tons, which, for such vessels, as well as for yachts, is much better and cheaper than canvas. Another circumstance which struck the author at Baltimore—and which is equally striking to hear of to those who are accustomed to the sight of the Thames barges ascending and descending the river, in all their ugliness and filth, with the flow and ebb of each tide—was, that the vessels intended for the lowest and most degrading offices, such as carrying manure, oysters, and wood, were of "elegant and symmetrical proportions!"

The most potent proofs of Uncle Sam's 'cuteness are to be found in the patent office at Washington. Inventions pour in in such abundance, that already the space allotted to them is so completely crammed, as to preclude the possibility of any close investigation. The dockyard at Washington furnished matter for fresh reflection; the iron for cables, furnished by contract, being so superior to the old, that the testing-links were all broken on the first trial, the model-anchors being "an immense improvement," &c.

"And to whom do you suppose we are indebted for all these improvements, and many more too tedious to mention?" asked the officer. "Why, to an English dock-yard-master from Devonport."

So much for their progress on the eastern coast; now let us turn westward, ascending the Hudson by one of the river-steamers. Without doubt, these steam-vessels are the swiftest and best arranged known; but the speed and size are improving so rapidly, that what is correct now, may be far behind the mark a year hence. The *Isaac Newton* is at present the largest. The saloon, which is gorgeously decorated, is 100 yards long. In this vast, vaulted apartment, the huge mirrors, elegant carving, and profuse gilding, absolutely dazzle the eye. On first entering one of these magnificent floating saloons, it is difficult for the imagination to realize its position. All comparison is at once defied, as there is nothing like it afloat in the world.

The extent of the lake-trade is prodigious. Its aggregate value for 1850, imports and exports, amounts to 186,484,905 dollars, which is more by 40,000,000 dollars than the whole foreign export-trade of the country! The aggregate tonnage employed on the lakes is equal to 203,041 tons, of which 167,137 tons are American, and 35,904 British. The passenger trade is not included in the preceding sum; it is valued at 1,000,000 dollars. "The mind is lost in astonishment at so prodigious a commerce. It is not ten years since the first steamer ran round the chain of lakes. Population, and its commercial concomitants, are increasing so rapidly, that, before twenty years, the lake-trade alone will be of greater extent and importance than the whole trade of any other nation on the globe!" The number of emigrants from Europe and the eastern states annually passing through Buffalo for the Far West is now one million, and likely, by and by, to increase to two millions! Cities are consequently rising up with extraordinary rapidity. The population of De-

troit, for example, has increased, during the last ten years, from 11,000 to 26,000—an advance which is mainly owing to the facilities afforded by the Michigan Central Railway, for concentrating on their passage the westward-bound emigrants. An absurd spirit of speculation has likewise contributed to the increase. A building and farming mania, similar to the railway mania in England six years ago, has seized the people. The only salvation for the speculators is the continued increase of vast swarms of emigrants from Europe. Chicago is another example of rapid increase—namely, from 3000 in 1840, to above 20,000 in 1850; a growth which it mainly owes to its advantageous site at the head of the navigation of the chain of lakes. Milwaukee is also a wonderful instance of progress. In 1838, there was not a single house on the spot; in 1840, there was a village with 1700 inhabitants; in 1850, there was a city of 20,000! Twenty years ago, the land on which it stands was not worth more than the government price, which is about 5s. 5d. per acre; at present, the lots are valued, in good locations, at 40l. a foot frontage. The result is speculation, with sudden fortunes on the one hand, and sudden ruin on the other. Emigrants, as well as citizens themselves, have to "move on" further west; and hence they are covering Wisconsin, Minnesota and other territories. Nothing can now arrest the flowing tide till it dash against the Rocky Mountains, and meet the counter-tide setting in from the coast of the Pacific.

The district around Lake Winnebago seems, according to our author's account, to be a tempting spot for emigrants; and as there cannot be the least suspicion of his having an interest in trumpeting it up, it may be as well that the reader should know where "Paradise Restored" is to be found. Lake Winnebago is not one of those huge inland oceans, with winds and waves, storms and shipwrecks upon it, but a quiet, snug sheet of water like Loch Lomond, which it resembles in size, and, if we may judge from a paper-description, in appearance. "It is about thirty miles long, and ten to twelve broad. A high ridge of limestone bounds it on the east, sloping gradually down to the edge of the water. Numerous natural clearings or prairies relieve the sameness of the luxuriant forests. On the western side, the land invades the lake in long, low capes and peninsulas. The fragrance of the air, the exquisite verdure of the trees, the gorgeous colors of the prairie flowers, and the artist-like arrangements of the 'oak openings,' and wild meadows, are delights never to be forgotten. The most elaborate and cultivated scenery in Europe falls into insignificance in comparison. I was struck with astonishment that such 'a garden of Eden' should be so little known, even in the eastern states—that such extraordinary advantages should be neglected. After a careful examination of many places in the western portion of the United States, I advisedly assert, that Lake Winnebago district is the most desirable and the finest in the world for emigrants."

His reasons for this opinion are, briefly, that it has communication with the Atlantic on each border of the state—by the Mississippi on the west, and Lake Michigan on the east; that the soil is very fertile, and the climate remarkably healthy, being more equable than the same latitude on sea-board, and quite free from fever or ague. With great glee the captain details a

sporting excursion in this romantic district, in the course of which he fell in with an old acquaintance in the shape of an under-keeper from one of the Scottish moors. He had emigrated two years, and become a "laird." His remarks displayed great 'cuteness, and, as it was on Uncle Sam's soil, it must be placed to Uncle Sam's credit. Their conversation was so amusing as well as instructive, that we quote it.

"Ah, sir," said the Scotchman, "if the quality in England only knew there was a place like this, do you think they would go and pay such extravagant rents for the mere shooting in Scotland? No, sir, not they. My old master paid five hundred pounds a year for his moor adjacent to Loch Ness."

"And pray what did he get for it?"

"Why, not half such sport as he can get here," replied he.

"Truly," I rejoined; "but remember the distance, and expense of coming here."

"As for the distance, you can, at present, be here from London in fourteen days. In two years, the rail will be finished to Fond-du-Lac, and you will be enabled to get here in eleven days. The expense, as I will prove, will not only be far less, but it may be turned into a positive gain."

"I pricked up my ears at this assertion, and requested my old acquaintance, the ex-keeper, to proceed.

"Well, sir, look 'ee here; suppose a party of five gentlemen subscribe five hundred pounds apiece, that will be two thousand five hundred pounds. With one thousand five hundred pounds, they can purchase a quantity of land, and build an excellent house, stable, and offices on Doty Island, in a position which, in ten years' time, will increase in value as an eligible site for building allotments. The very fact of such an establishment by wealthy English gentlemen will cause the land to rise in value enormously; and I will warrant that in five years it will be worth ten times the present cost. From their location on Doty Island, they would have the finest fresh-water fishing in the world. They would have thirty miles lake-shore for deer-shooting; and dense woods, forty miles back to Lake Michigan, where bears, and catamounts, and other wild animals are plentiful. Abundance of wild fowl, quail, and wood-cocks would be found everywhere."

"Stop," exclaimed I, interrupting him; "what are we to do about the main point—the grouse-shooting? Besides, remember there is another thousand pounds to account for."

"Don't interrupt, please, sir; I am coming to that. I know several districts of country in this neighborhood with natural boundaries, such as creeks, rivers, thick belts of trees, &c. These districts vary from five thousand to twenty thousand acres, and are so fertile that Europeans cannot even imagine such richness. Five hundred pounds you could lend to the farmers at twelve per cent. per annum. Many of them pay from two to eight per cent. per month. You would, thus, by accommodating the farmers, have the best-stocked preserves, and the most friendly occupiers of the soil that can be found. The remaining hundred pounds you might keep to improve your lands, or invest at twelve per cent. as the other half. If thus invested, you would get twelve per cent. on one thousand pounds, nearly equal to five per cent. upon the whole sum laid out, and the land increasing in value in a prodigious ratio."

"Wonderful!" thought I with enthusiasm. "I will pop you in print, my lad."

We "pop him in print" with similar good-will. His scheme would be an admirable one, save and except that there is an ocean to cross before reaching Doty Island. We commend it to the New Yorkers and gentlemen of the eastern states, who wish to have a hunting-field such as the old monarchs of Europe would have envied. The scheme, notwithstanding, does credit to the ingenuity of its propounder, who thereby proves himself the right sort of man for the country he has chosen to call his own.

Another conversation which our author relates, affords an unequivocal sample of real aboriginal 'cuteness. Captain Mackinnon impresses us, as he did the Americans, as a frank, hearty fellow, who can make himself at home at once, anywhere, and with any one. During his short sporting excursion, he seems to have picked acquaintance with nearly all the happy inhabitants of that western Eden with which he had become so enraptured. Strolling along one day, he met with a tall, gaunt Yankee, who knew him, and invited him into his log-cabin for a social glass and a "crack" after it. This semi-savage-looking fellow had been a soldier, and delighted, like his guest, in the title of captain. He had been fighting in Mexico and California with the "Injuns." As he of Doty Island had a proposal to make to British sportsmen, so Captain Ezekiah Conclin Bruer had "a proposal to make to the British government." He had heard of our Cape and Caffre war, and, wondering how and why we did not make a shorter work of that awkward business, he sent to England for a British infantry musket, which he produced. "Well, captin, did ever you see such a clumsy varment in all your born days? Now, captin, look out of the doorway; do you see that *blazed* stump? It is seven feet high, and broader than any man. It's exactly one hundred and fifty yards from my door. I have fired that clumsy varment at the stump till my head ached and my shoulder was quite sore, and have hardly hit it once. Now, then, captin, look 'ee here (taking up his seven-barrelled revolving rifle, and letting fly one barrel after the other); I guess you will find seven bullets in the *blazed* stump. I will, however, stick seven playing cards on the stump, in different places, and, if you choose, hit them all." After sundry but unaccepted offers to his English brother-militant, for a trial of mutual destructiveness, he made his offer to the British government through its representative, but which that loyal subject, in a fit of mortification, declined to convey, on the ground that if he "made the finest offer in the world to the British government, they would only sneer" at him. However (to give, as before, the substance of what is here detailed with amusing effect), the offer of Captain Bruer was to enlist 5000 Yankee marksmen, each armed with a seven-barrelled revolving rifle, and kill "all the Injuns" at the Cape in six months for the sum of 5,000,000 dollars! "We should be eka!" quoth he, "to thirty thousand troops with such tarnal, stiff, clumsy consarns as them reg'lation muskets is. We should do it slick, right away." This may seem only a piece of fun, but such it does not appear to the author, who turns from fun to facts and figures, and calculates what would be the result of an encounter between English and American men-of-war, if the latter had ten men in each top handling Captain Bruer's weapon with Captain

Bruer's skill; and the result he comes to is, that they could, in one minute and a half, dispose of 210 men on the opposite deck. *This would amount to the destruction of the whole crew stationed on the upper deck.* The undoubted possibility of such a summary mode of annihilating an enemy, must soon change the system of warfare, and at least demands grave consideration. We make no comment upon this, as we should be inclined to do were we not announcing the forebodings of a naval officer, who must be supposed to see cause of apprehension before he would venture to express it.

Turning now to a more civil aspect of affairs than the picture of thirty death-dealing demons in the tops of a Yankee frigate, let us see how they manage their aggressions upon the untamed field and forest. During his various ramblings, our traveller's free-and-easy manner gained him the confidence of several able and energetic men—an advantage which enabled him to peep behind the scenes in many of the western movements. The following incident, which came under his own knowledge, comes within the design of this article, which is to illustrate the go-aheadism of our transatlantic cousins, and how they find the ways and means where other men fail.

Near Green Bay (in the aforesaid Garden of Eden), a small village suddenly peers out from the woods. The site was chosen by one of those extraordinary men (educated pioneers), who had silently selected a position and established himself as proprietor before any one was acquainted with his object. Once fixed, the working pioneers, well aware of the sagacity and ability of their forerunner, begin to drop in likewise. In a few months, a town is laid out, and a population makes its appearance. A plank-road is necessary, a charter is obtained, and a meeting summoned of all interested in the said road. About a hundred persons attend; the charter is read; and before it can become a valid instrument, 500 shares must be subscribed for, and one dollar each paid up. The whole capital required is 10,000/.—a sum which, probably, could not be mustered in cash within a hundred miles. One citizen believes he can get the 500 dollars from a relative in the Genesee Valley. Who, then, is to take stock, and supply the sinews of war! There are not ten dollars (cash) in the township. Up starts another, who has credit with a provision-merchant down east, and offers to supply the workmen with pork, molasses, tea, and sugar, out of his friend's store; making a speech at the same time. Others similarly pledge their credit for shoes, soap, clothing, &c. The bulk of the meeting, consisting of hard-working "bonnet-lairs," undertake to go to work immediately; taking for part-payment the necessities of life, and receiving road-stock for the balance. Without a cent of capital, they begin a work which would eventually cost 50,000 dollars, in full confidence that something would turn up to procure the wherewithal. The beauty of the matter is, that the project succeeded. The road has not only quadrupled the value of property all around, but it bids fair to pay a dividend in five years of 50 per cent. If a steam-boat is wanted, it is acquired in the same way. Large vessels have been completely built and equipped, without the owners possessing one farthing, and they have not only paid for themselves, but have made handsome fortunes for the lucky and enterprising projectors. Speculation of this kind, which would be justly deemed dishonorable in a settled country, is apt to be less rigidly considered in the

pioneers of a new world. What country can attempt to cope with such energy and enterprise as this? It is frequently a subject of remark, that men born in England, and educated in the States, are among the foremost in these enterprising projects.

There are many other facts in these interesting volumes which we should like to call attention to; but the reader who has accompanied us through this sketch cannot do better than read the volumes themselves—only remembering that the enthusiasm of his guide might have been considerably moderated had he been an emigrant instead of a gentleman traveller.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CRUSADERS' MARCH.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

I.

RAISE ye up the song of Zion;
Raise it up 'mong Judah's hills.
Who will dare to meet the lion
By the fountains of the rills?
Strong, strong—raise the song!
Raise it the hills among;
Raise it till the Moslem hear—
Sound, sound, trump and drum!
Let them know we come—
Cross and banner, sword and spear!

II.

Base it were for us to linger
By the dull and weary wave,
While the unbeliever's finger
Points with scorn the Holy Grave.
Ride, ride!—to-morrow's tide
Sees us the spot beside
Watered by our Lady's tear.
Sound, sound, trump and drum!
Let them know we come—
Cross and banner, sword and spear!

III.

Saintly forms above are bending,
Martyrs' hands are beckoning on;
They, the brave, who died contending
For the faith that Christians own!
Speed, speed!—pilgrim's weed
Shows not like steel at need.
Men in mail, not monks, are here!
Sound, sound, trump and drum!
Let them know we come—
Cross and banner, sword and spear!

IV.

Lo! the evening shadows gather;
See, the night is settling down.
Shield us, O Almighty Father!—
Shield our army and thine own!
Halt, halt! beneath the palm
Raise ye the evening psalm,
Raise it up both loud and clear.
Sound, sound, trump and drum!
Let them know we come—
Cross and banner, sword and spear!

V.

Bright the stars above are burning,
As they may have burned of yore,
When the shepherds, home returning,
Told the words that angels bore.
Pray, pray! for the day
Calls us again away.
Once more let the foeman hear.
Sound, sound trump and drum!
Let them know we come—
Cross and banner, sword and spear!

W. E. A.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

IN EGYPT!—VERDE GIOVANE.

OLD EGYPT! The land of the Lotos! Where men lie under palms waving feathery in the sunlight, dreaming of sense, and waking up only to indulge it! Where the day dawns upon the soft warm mist, and the sun sinks down to sleep upon a golden cloud! Where the land lies gazing all day into the clear blue sky, and the people, languor-laden, sit in the thrall of silence. Where the dead are great, but where the living are mean and noisome. Land of eunuchs, slaves, and seraglies!

Egypt—the grand old Egypt—the land of the Pharaohs—of Cleopatra—of Scipio—of mummies and of Pyramids—Egypt peers upon us now out of her dead eyes, about which there is a gloomy languor and fleeting sense of life. The climate is too delicious for man—it is fit only for flowers, acacias, deserts, and crocodiles. The air is too golden—too luxuriant. It effeminates and corrupts; it has no bracing health in it, but only softens, enervates, and melts. The soil is rich—it produces abundantly with the least possible labor. The land sheds fatness; few can enjoy “the flesh-pots of Egypt” unscathed. You may quaff the sherbet, but at length it palls—smoke the nargileh—inhalé the mocha—float away along groves of Nile acacias, lapped in Elysian airs; but you cease to be man! Individuality disappears; only human vegetation—human sense—exaggerated appetite—survive!

There the birds swoon—the air sleeps—the cattle repose, and the camel trudges on with melancholy, silent pace into the shadowless, dumb, eternal desert. Hark! the solitary voice of the Muezzin, trembling, in long rising and falling cadence, from the balcony of the minaret, floating away over the silent city. It sounds like a lament or a wail, and is wafted away into the desert. “Ah-la-ha—Ak-bar! Al-la-ha—Ak-bar!”

Eastern life is scarcely alive. It is so leisurely, so sleeping, so enjoying, so luxurious, that it can scarcely be called *life*—active as we know it to be in temperate climes, where it is a constant struggle with nature, with weather, and winds, and times, and seasons. For the Egyptian, a mud-but will weather-fend him; a little rice and coffee feed him; a cotton drapery clothe him. He needs not to work. Nature and the sun work for him. What does he know or care about business? *Bucksheesh!* He can beg! Not for shoes nor stockings—for these he needs not—but for the wherewithal to fill his chibouque! That is all! And perhaps to enjoy the half-nude dancing girls—the Ghawazee! It is an imbecile, easy, lazy, monotonous, sleeping existence—a life of fascination and torpid contentment—a dream of the death of the dearest land.

We are on the Nile, floating along that majestic old stream, whose history reaches back into remotest antiquity—to Moses and the Patriarchs, and even beyond them, far beyond the known beginnings of civilization. A valley, six or seven miles broad, walled in on one side by the Libyan mountains, and on the other by the hills of Arabia, beyond which lies the “promised land” of the Hebrews. The valley between is tranquil and warm, and through its midst the Nile sleeps sluggishly to the sea. The land is all solemn, still, and sad; and the Sphinx sits there upon the edge of the desert and ever fails to unriddle the mysteries of the land, which seems to lie under the

shadow of death, it is so solemnly still. Sun after sun rises on the perpetual and unvarying panorama of waving fields of tobacco, cotton, palm, and flowering lupin. Dead old cities lie scattered along the landscape, and, under the green mounds which are strewn about them, their old inhabitants sleep in dust. The dreamy murmurousness of summer insects in the warm air floats over the land now as it did thousands of years ago. The Nile continues to bear the land to sea, and the pyramids point up forever to the infinite sky.

The life in Egypt is much the same now as it must have been a thousand, or thousands of years ago. The sun, the clime, the people, the same—the last only degenerated and decayed. Their greatness is buried in their great tombs. The spirit of the men who built Luxor and Carnac—Thebes and Dindereh—is no more. The nation has culminated; and will not be regenerated. The greatness of Egypt, like that of Babylon, is but a glorious memory. The tide of progress has gone westward, and washes far western shores. The mud sleeps in the Delta of the Nile; and the people sleep too—as dead as the mummies at Luxor.

Yet how picturesque the people are—born artists as it were! The veriest rag across their shoulders is drayed with infinite grace. A piece of red cotton is twined into a turban, and the beautiful face under it radiates dazzling beauty. But it is all sensuous; intellect is absent. “Nought but soul is wanting there.” The beauty of the women, and the heroic forms of the men, move you like a statue. But they have just as little of the life that is god-like. Smith or Brown there, arrayed in his conical black hat fitted to his head like a funnel, and attired in a brown coat with swallow-tails, who has just come across from St. Paul’s in one of the Oriental steamers, is an infinitely greater object in an intellectual point of view; but then how atrociously unpicturesque is Smith! Even the coarse costume of a Nile sailor shames in dignity and grace the most elaborate toilet of European saloons. But set the western and the eastern man to do a piece of work together! And then you find the latter to be lazy and imbecile exceedingly. The western man is a man of energy, character, and business capacities; the eastern man is a picturesque idler—a man of drapery and pleasure. Western homes are clean, comfortable, and intelligent, through freedom. Eastern dwellings (for *homes* they are not) are dirty and comfortless, the abodes of slaves and their tyrants.

As Curtis, the American, in his *Nile Notes*, observes—“The sun is the secret of the east. . . . The east is a voluptuous reverie of nature. Its Egyptian days are perfect. You breathe the sunlight. You feel it warm in your lungs and heart. The whole system absorbs sunshine, and all your views of life become warm and richly voluptuous. Your day-dreams rise, splendid with sun-sparkling, aerial architecture. . . . The Egyptian sun does not glare—it shines. The light has a creamy quality, soft and mellow, as distinguished from the intense whiteness of our American light. The forms of our landscapes stand sharp and severe in the atmosphere, like frost-work. But the eastern outlines are smoothed and softened. The sun is the mediator, and blends beautifully the separate beauties of the landscape. It melts the sterner stuff of your nature. The intellect is thawed and mellowed. Emotions take the place of thought. Sense rises

into the sphere of soul. It becomes so exquisite and refined, that the old landmarks in the moral world begin to totter and dance. They remain nowhere, they have no permanent place. Delight and satisfaction, which are not sensual, but sensuous, become the law of your being; conscience, lulled all the way from Sicily in the soft-rocking lap of the Mediterranean, quite falls asleep at Cairo, and you take your chance with the other flowers. The thoughts that try to come, mask no more as austere and sad-browed men, but pass as large-eyed, dusky maidens, now with fair folding arms that fascinate you to their embrace."

What a contrast between the luxurious sky of Egypt and the foggy, chilly atmosphere of Britain! And how different the man and woman of the two countries! There, reclining picturesquely upon ottomans, or sitting cross-legged upon carpets, or squatting idly basking in the sun; here active, industrious, grined, and ugly, full of enterprise and energy. There, the men float idly through life—here they are engaged in a perpetual wrestle and conflict with it. There, the women have no higher rank than that of domestic slaves, the better favored of them being used as toys and things of temporary pleasure; here, their social position is much more elevated, their high moral nature is generally recognized; they are the friends, companions, helpmates, and soulmates of men, in all the better relations of life. Who would not prefer the English wife to the Egyptian Ghawazee—the one dedicated to duty, the other to pleasure; and the English fireside, with its circle of ruddy faces, to the picturesque and dirty forms of Egyptian life! Yes! We can't help preferring our Smith to the Eastern Ali, unpicturesque though said Smith may be. There he is, at Cairo, at Alexandria, and all over the Mediterranean. He is puffing along everywhere "under steam." He drives a railroad through the desert, or starts a hotel at Cairo, where he sells Triple X and takes the *Times*. Go into the Egyptian Bazaars, and you find Smith's calicoes. He even supplies the market with "gods" made to pattern. He can work up "to order," any quantity of antiquities of the age of Rameses. Give him a commission for a Sphinx, and he will make one, provide it leave him a profit of five per cent. But there are "gentlemen" Smiths, too, in Egypt—the Howadji, or travellers of the East. Here is one cleverly depicted by the author of *Nile Notes*. He calls his sinner "Verde Giovane," or Green John.

"I thought him a very young grandson of my elderly friend Bull. Verde was joyous and gay. He had already been to the Pyramids, and had slept in a tomb, and had his pockets picked as he wandered through their disagreeable darkness. He had come freshly and fast from England, to see the world, omitting Paris and Western Europe on his way, as he embarked at Southampton for Alexandria. Being in Cairo, he felt himself abroad. Sternhold and Hopkins were his Laureates, for perpetually on all kinds of wings of mighty winds he came flying all abroad. He lost a great deal of money at billiards to 'jolly' fellows whom he afterwards regaled with cold punch and choice cigars. He wrangled wildly with a dragoman of very imperfect English powers, and packed his tea for the voyage in brown paper parcels. He was perpetually on the point of leaving. At breakfast, he would take a loud leave of the 'jolly' fellows; and if there were ladies in the room, he slung his gun in a very abandoned manner over his shoulder; and while he adjusted his shot-pouch with careless

heroism, as if the enemy were in ambush on the stairs, as who should say, 'I'll do their business easily enough,' he would remark, with a meaning smile, that he should stop a day or two at Esne, probably; and then go off humming a song from the 'Favorita,' or an air whose words were well known to the 'jolly' fellows, but would scarcely bear female criticism. After this departure, he had a pleasant way of reappearing at the dinner-table, for the pale ale was not yet aboard, or the cook was ill, or there had been another explosion with the dragoman. Verde Giovane found the Cariene evenings 'slow.' It was astonishing how much execution he accomplished with those words of very moderate calibre—'slow,' 'jolly,' and 'stunning.' The universe arranged itself in Verde Giovane's mind under those three heads. Presently it was very easy to predicate his criticisms in any department. He had lofty views of travel. Verde Giovane had come forth to see the world, and vainly might the world seek to be unseen. He wished to push on to Sennaar and Ethiopia. It was very 'slow' to go only to the cataraacts. Ordinary travel, and places already beheld of men, were not for Verde. But if there were any Chinese wall to be scaled, or the English standard were to be planted upon any vague and awful Himalayan height, or a new oasis were to be revealed in the Desert of Sahara, here was the heaven-appointed Verde Giovane, only awaiting his pale ale, and determined to dally a little at Esne. After subduing the East by travel, he proposed to enter the Caucasian mountains, and serve as a Russian officer. These things were pleasant to hear, as to behold at Christmas those terrible beheadings of giants by Tom Thumb, for you enjoy a sweet sense of security, and a consciousness that no harm was done. They were wild Arabian romances, attributable to the inspiration of the climate, in the city he found so 'slow.' The Carienes were listening elsewhere to their poets—Verde Giovane was ours; and we knew very well that he would go quietly up to the first cataract, and then, returning to Alexandria, would steam to Jaffa, and thence donkey placidly to Jerusalem, moaning in his sleep of Cheapside and St. Paul's.

The little Verde *did* say a fine farewell at last, and left the dining-room gayly and gallantly, as a stage bandit disappears down pasteboard rocks to desperate encounters with mugs of beer in the green-room."

ALTON LOCKE.—The following description of the personal appearance of Kingsley, the author of "Alton Locke," is from a letter by Grace Greenwood:—

"I observed Lord Carlisle greet, with much cordiality, a slight, pale, refined, clerical-looking man, who stood near us. After a few moments' conversation, his lordship introduced this gentleman to me as the Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of 'Alton Locke.' I did not meet him without emotion; for I had been most deeply impressed by the power and purpose, the terrible earnestness of his writings—the heart-crushing pathos, the fearful vividness of his pictures of misery, of the mortal desperation, of the struggles of the poor with want and wretchedness, and all the horrible shapes of sin and despair. You see few indications of the impassioned strength of Mr. Kingsley's genius in his countenance or conversation. He is quiet in the extreme, even while talking of art like an artist and a poet. I should think his mental life inwardly intense, rather than outwardly demonstrative, except through the pen. He spoke of America with much interest, and with fine appreciation of the spirit of her institutions."

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHAMFORT.

THERE are in every country which has a literature some authors who attain during their lives considerable celebrity—nay, even great popularity and renown; and yet who, when once removed from this scene of care and trouble, are speedily and unjustly forgotten. Others there are again who, unmeritedly neglected during their lives, acquire, as soon as death crowns their labors, a posthumous popularity which might have cheered their chequered existence when living, and rendered their departing struggles less bitter. Into the causes of these unjust judgments of the gentle public—into these caprices of fortune, or arbitrary awards of fate, we profess not here to enter. But of the certainty of the fact which we announce there can be no doubt. If a man has come to maturity in times of great public excitement—in periods of intestine or foreign war—in epochs of excitement or revolution, his labors, unless he become a journalist or a pamphleteer, may be overlooked; and if he become journalist and pamphleteer, in how great a degree do these labors encroach on his time, distract his attention, and unfit him for the calmer walks of literature and philosophy! How often do the unceasing labors of the journalist affect his health, embitter his existence, and raise him up deadly enemies! One among the many pleasing and agreeable French authors of the last generation, Marmontel, was himself a journalist, and thus he speaks of journalism, after abundant experience—*Rodiger un journal c'est-à-dire me condamner au travail de Sisyphe ou à celui des Danaïdes*. Marmontel, however, did not allow journalism to become an absorbing passion or an engrossing pursuit; nor did he engage in the fierce political contests of his time. Yet, withal, journalism conducted him for a short time to the Bastille, to which he was unjustly consigned by the Duke de Choiseul for an article which he had not written.

A man who in a far greater degree suffered from his connexion with journalism was Chamfort, who is so little known by the English public that it will be necessary to give some account of his history.

Sebastian Roch Nicholas Chamfort was born at a village near Clermont, in Auvergne, in 1741. All accounts agree in stating that he never knew who his father was. As to his mother, one account describes her falsely as a *paysanne*—the other, more truly, as *dame de compagnie*. As to the misfortune of his illegitimate birth, it cannot be imputed to Chamfort as a crime. The fault was not his, though unquestionably he was subjected to some of the punishment, and to many of the inconveniences. It cannot be supposed that this had no influence on Chamfort's disposition and feelings and future life. Some portion of the bitterness, and a great deal of the misanthropy and soured feelings of our author may be traced to the events of his earlier years. As soon as the condition of the mother of Chamfort became known in the family in which she was residing, it may be supposed there was a sudden rupture and dismissal. The unhappy creature came to hide her shame in Paris, and in Paris Chamfort first saw the light. The young mother soon found friends and protectors in the gay and gilded, but not utterly heartless, capital; and when her son was the requisite age, she had the influence to obtain for him a *boursier's* place at the College of the Grassins. The young Nicholas merited this good fortune. Though

aware of his birth, and that he came into the world without father or fortune, he exhibited towards his mother tenderness and affection, consoled her solitude, and commiserated her sorrows.

The first years of Nicholas—(that was the name under which he entered at the Grassins)—were undistinguished in his academical career. In his third year, however, he shone out brilliantly, and terminated his "rhetoric," as it is called, with the most brilliant success. This *filius nullius*—this child of misfortune "baptized in tears"—carried off the five grand prizes of the University. These his first successes promising so many others, determined his vocation for letters. In fact, before he had terminated his philosophy, his caustic and satirical spirit had displayed itself. In conjunction with Letourneur, he wrote something which rendered them both obnoxious to the principal and masters. The two young friends thus rusticated, if not expelled, suddenly left their Alma Mater, travelled over some parts of Normandy, and, after having sowed their wild oats, returned to ask an asylum of the offended principals. The college authorities nobly revenged themselves by taking the foolish young men back, and affording them the asylum which they penitently sought. A time, however, was soon to come when Chamfort must do something for himself. His pen was his only resource; and he was forced to live on what he gained in writing for a few journals, and in composing sermons for popular preachers. For this last task Chamfort was wont to receive a louis per sermon, and this traffic lasted about a year. With the proceeds of what he thus gained from the booksellers, newspaper proprietors, and priests, he supported himself and his mother.

Like Piron and Duclos, and so many other men, literary and not literary, with youth and good looks on their side, he fell early into the company of actresses and courtesans. Soon convinced that this was neither the road to fortune nor to fame, he determined to try for a prize at the Academy, to write a comedy and what not besides. The prize at the Academy he obtained; for *l'Épître d'un père à son fils* was crowned *d'emblée*; and more than this, the comedy *La Jeune Indienne* was well received. Chamfort was now sought for and caressed. His figure was good, his countenance agreeable, his wit brilliant and ready; so that his manners and personal appearance impressed the world as favorably as his talents. Men and women of rank now sought his society. The Princess of Craon said of him, *Vous ne le croyez qu'un Adonis et c'est un Hercule*. The gay and dissipated life which Chamfort at this period led at Paris affected his health. He went from watering place to watering place—from Spa to Bâreges—from Bâreges to Controuville, without receiving much benefit. A humor fell upon his eyes and face, which in no degree improved the personal beauty of the Adonis or the Hercules. Though the name of the writer had now become familiar, and was well known to the Parisian public, yet the pecuniary position of Chamfort was by no means flourishing. Often was he in want of money, and obliged, like Piron and Rivarol, to dine here and there, sometimes even with Duke Humfrey. It was at this epoch that Chabanon, who had a pension of 1200 francs on the *Mercur de France*, and who had formed a warm friendship for Chamfort, forced him to accept this pension. Madame Helvetius, too (born Mlle. Ligneville, and niece of Madame Graffigny), befriended him, and gave him a small apartment in

her house at Sevres, where he remained for two or three years. He also received some kindnesses from the Duke of Choiseul, and from a rich citizen of Liege, M. Von Eck. But, notwithstanding these aids, Chamfort occasionally suffered from the *res angusta domi*.

It is not, therefore, wonderful that he was a candidate for so many academic prizes. The Academy of Marseilles proposed at this period for a prize the *Eloge* of La Fontaine. Necker, who knew that La Harpe was a candidate on the lists, and who had not a doubt that he would win the race, added to the amount proposed to be given a sum of 2400 francs out of his own pocket. But the event turned out differently from the expectations of the rich Genevese. Chamfort, excited by the circumstances, entered the lists and succeeded. Both productions have now been long before the public. There has been abundant time to test their merits, and there can be no doubt that the Marseillaise were right in awarding the palm to Chamfort. This *Eloge* of La Fontaine is unquestionably one of the most exquisite pieces of the kind in the French language.

It was at Bareges that Chamfort made the acquaintance of the Duchess of Grammont, who introduced him at the house of her brother, the Duke of Choiseul, at Chanteloup. Mlle. de Lespinasse, the daughter of Madame d'Albon, and better known as the friend of D'Alembert and the Count de Guibert, was at Chanteloup at the time, and thus she writes of the new visitor. "I have seen M. de Chamfort, who is arrived. We shall read one of these days his *Eloge* of La Fontaine. He is returned from the waters in good health, crowned with more of glory and wealth than when he left. Above all, he possesses four friends, every one of whom *l'amient chacune d'elles comme quatre*—these are Madame de Grammont, Madame de Ranée, Madame d'Amblimont, and the Countess of Choiseul. I can answer for it, that M. de Chamfort is very well satisfied, and *il fait de son mieux pour être modeste*." Notwithstanding this too flattering portrait of the content and satisfaction of Chamfort, it is well known that he was neither contented nor happy. His health was far from good, and the care of it absorbed all his literary resources. After his visit to Chanteloup he retires to Sevres. It was at Sevres, in the apartment furnished for him by Madame Helvetius, that he labored at his tragedy of *Mustapha et Zéangir*, which was represented with great *éclat* at Fontainebleau. The queen conceived there were flattering allusions to herself in some passages, and the king, probably in consequence, granted a pension of 1200 livres to the author. Further, the Prince of Condé offered him the post of *secrétaire de ses commandements*. He had scarcely been installed in the Palais Bourbon when he wished to get out of it, and to be a free man again, without however offending the Prince of Condé. With this view he passed six months in writing letters in prose and in verse begging the duke to accept his resignation.

Chamfort at length, in a fit of moroseness and misanthropy, resigned his secretaryship, and there were not wanting people to raise a cry of ingratitude, as though any man, however little of a millionaire, were obliged to bear a weight which he found too burdensome. It was at this epoch of his life that Chamfort, following the example of Boileau, retired to Auteuil. He even took up his residence in the house of the satirist, saying, "It is not with the living but with the dead that

one should commune"—meaning thereby with books. He had hardly, however, been installed among his books than, at the very dangerous age of forty, he fell in love. He had met at Boulogne a lady of the court of the Duchess of Maine, a beauty who counted eight-and-forty winters. This lady had a great deal of talent, had travelled much, and was exceedingly agreeable and companionable. Chamfort proposed, was accepted, and married her. From Auteuil they went to reside in Vancoeurs, not far from Etampes. They had not been more than a few months in their new residence when death broke the bonds so recently tied together. A settled melancholy now took possession of the mind of Chamfort. He was roused from this state of sadness and torpor by M. de Choiseul Gouffier, who invited him to travel with him in Holland. The Count de Narbonne, subsequently an emigrant in England, and employed on obtaining, through Madame de Stael, permission to return to France, was of this party. The lively and original mind of the count sparkled in collision with that of Chamfort. On his return from Holland, Chamfort was admitted a member of the Academy in the place of St. Palaye. As an academicien he returned to the world and to Paris. His discourse, on being received a member, was a remarkable production, distinguished by brilliancy and talent. But Chamfort went seldom to the Academy, and no sooner was he one of the forty, than he wrote his *Discours contre les Académies*, which subsequently contributed to the suppression of all such institutions. Occasionally he went to court, where Marie Antoinette once said to him, "Do you know, M. de Chamfort, that you pleased all the world at Versailles, not because of, but in spite of, your talent?" "The reason, your majesty will see, is quite simple," rejoined Chamfort, with his usual frankness; "at Versailles I am content to learn many things I know from people who are entirely ignorant of them." Chamfort acquired the friendship of the Count de Vaudreuil, who lodged him in his mansion. During this period Mirabeau, who had heard much, who had read more of Chamfort, and met him occasionally, sought his friendship. There was a similarity of tastes and opinions between them. As M. Arsène Houssaye says, in a recent publication, *tous les deux étaient emportés et railleurs*. It is a curious and significant fact, that in this intercourse Chamfort assumed the ascendancy, or probably it would be more correct to say, that Mirabeau, for once in his life, knocked under. Writing to Chamfort, he thus expresses himself: "There is hardly a day I do not find myself stating, '*Chamfort froncerait le sourcil; ne faisons pas, n'écrivons pas cela*;' or, on the other hand, '*Chamfort sera content*.'" No doubt Mirabeau, who was extremely solicitous of literary renown, knew all the advantage he might reap from intercommunion with a mind such as that of Chamfort; and Chamfort, on the other hand, was well aware of the glory to be acquired by allying himself with a personage of the force of character and splendor of eloquence possessed by Mirabeau. Force, impetuosity, passionate sensibility predominated in the character of Mirabeau; delicacy, neatness, subtlety, and finesse, were the characteristics of Chamfort. During the period of this friendship, which was only interrupted by the death of Mirabeau, the great orator submitted to Chamfort not merely his writings for the press, but his opinions, his conduct, his hopes, and his fears. He affected to treat him as even his superior and

his master in moral force. Knowing the character of Mirabeau, one may well doubt the sincerity of this assumed or affected deference. On the other hand, it is certain that Chamfort contributed considerably to Mirabeau's published works. The most eloquent passages in the book on the order of Cincinnati were written by him.

The epoch of 1789 had now arrived. Both Mirabeau and Chamfort had done everything in their power, by writing and speech, to promote the Revolution. They were accordingly ready to serve the spirit they had powerfully contributed to evoke. Whilst Mirabeau proclaimed the new doctrines in the Assembly in burning words, the whole heart, mind, tongue, and pen of Chamfort seemed to be imbued with the same spirit. Never did this brilliant thinker utter words and phrases clothed in more attractive forms, or which more impressed themselves on the memory and imagination. His republican fervor knew no bounds. He applauded the decree which suppressed pensions, albeit the whole of his fortune was in pensions. The pensions, however, or the void which the absence of them created in his receipts, was replaced by labor, and the *Mercur de France* became doubly valuable from the contributions of his pen. His articles increased daily in interest and attraction.

Chamfort appeared in popular assemblies only when there was danger in showing himself. Accustomed to think and act like a freeman, he could not be made to feel that there was any danger in explaining himself upon men and things. He did not wait for the Revolution to adopt this course. Neither Marat, nor Robespierre, nor any one of the sanguinary tyrants who weighed on France, were safe from his sallies. Indignant at the prostitution of the words "fraternity" and "liberty," traced on all the walls, Chamfort translated them thus: *Sois mon frère ou je te tue*. He used to say the fraternity of these people is like that of Cain and Abel. When it was remarked that he often repeated this word—"You are right," he used to observe; "I ought to say, by way of variation, of Eteocles and Polyneices." These sarcasms were so many crimes for base dilators to note and to denounce—crimes of which Chamfort was later to bear the punishment. Nevertheless, as it was under the mask of patriotism and the name of liberty that men were at this period persecuted, and that tyranny was ultimately established, it was difficult to discover a pretext for incriminating Chamfort; for he had ever been consistent in his opinions, and walked in the leading ranks of the republican phalanx. But he had been named one of the librarians of the *Bibliothèque Nationale* by the Minister Roland, and this was enough to draw down vengeance on his head. Denounced by one Tobiesen Dubuy, a subordinate employé in the establishment, he was arrested with his colleagues, and conveyed to the Madelonettes. To this prison he was conducted in company with the Abbé Barthélemy, whose gray hairs ought to have been his protection. Imprisonment, which so many at this period bore with fortitude and resignation, was particularly odious and irksome to Chamfort. "It is neither death nor life," he cried; "and I want no middle term, for I desire to open my eyes on heaven or to shut them in the tomb." When released, he found himself under the surveillance of a gendarme, who never quitted him. This produced a profound and melancholy impression on his mind, for he saw in it a proof that a prison would again open for him. It was under the impression of these

painful feelings that he inwardly swore to die rather than to be conducted back to his dungeon. Tyranny, however, sustained by public terror, now became day by day more cruel. It was harshly intimated to Chamfort that he should go back to the *maison d'arrêt*. While the myrmidons of authority were waiting to fetch him, he remembered his oath. Retiring to an adjoining room, under the pretext of making preparations to accompany the officers, he locked the door, charged a pistol, pulled a trigger with an intent to blow out his brains, but only succeeded in shooting out his right eye and destroying the bridge of his nose. Astonished at his own maladroitness, and still resolved to die, he seized a razor, and attempted to cut his throat. His hand, however, was not as powerful as his will, and after several attempts the unfortunate prisoner failed to in this object. Next he attempted to reach the heart, stabbing himself in that region, and ultimately tried to open the veins in the arms. Overcome at length by torturing pain, he cried aloud, flinging himself upon a chair. The inmates of the house, as well as the officers of justice, aware that something strange had occurred, and hearing the report of a pistol-shot, rushed to Chamfort's room, and attempted to stanch the blood streaming from his wounds along the floor. But the struggling and suffering man declared that his desire was to die as a freeman rather than again be conducted to prison as a slave. "If you persist in dragging me thus to prison," he said to the officers, "sufficient strength remains to me to accomplish what I have begun. I am a freeman," he added, "and no earthly power can make me enter alive into that prison." Suffering from pain and loss of blood, he explained to those around his reasons for laying violent hands on himself. "You see what it is to be maladroit in the use of one's hands," he exclaimed: "one cannot even kill oneself to escape the fangs of tyranny." Contrary to all expectation, the recovery of Chamfort was most rapid. He amused himself during his convalescence in translating the epigrams of the *Anthology*. Indignant at the atrocities and horrors he saw everywhere committing around him, he said more than once, *Ce que je vois me donne à tout moment l'envie de me recommencer*. Forced now, by the total loss of his means of existence, and by the very considerable expenses resulting from his detention and treatment, to live in privacy, Chamfort retired, with such books as remained to him, to a modest apartment in the Rue Chabanaïs. Insensibly and by degrees returning to his literary habitudes and avocations, Guinguené and some other friends of his conceived the project of a journal, to be called *La Décade Philosophique*, chiefly, if not solely, with a view to give a profitable occupation to Chamfort; but the hand of death was upon him, and he never contributed a line to it.

Chamfort expired on the 13th April, 1793, in the 52nd year of his age. Terror prevailed in that infelicitous time to such a degree that it was an act of courage to accompany his remains to their last home. There were only three individuals who shed their tears over the bier of Chamfort. These were MM. Van Praet, Sieyès, and Guinguené.

Chamfort did not foresee, and therefore did not acclaim with enthusiastic welcome, the Revolution. He was much more a man of wit, of cleverness, and of *esprit*, than of thought or foresight; but though his mind resembled that of Rabelais, or Bayle, or Voltaire, and was more critical and carp-

ing than enthusiastic, yet he flung himself with ardor into the democratic passions of the time. He assisted at all the assemblies and at all the clubs, now at the side of Robespierre, now at the side of Barnave; now with Mirabeau at Versailles, now with Camille Desmoulins at the Palais Royal. It is a curious peculiarity in the psychological history of Chamfort, that he entertained in 1790 the revolutionary sentiments of the democrats of 1792: in 1792, on the other hand, seeing the ideas of 1790 about to triumph, he was the first to throw cold water upon them.

Having read the account of the sufferings Chamfort inflicted on himself, the generality of people will express surprise that he did not expire within four-and-twenty, or at all events within forty-eight hours, after the infliction of such self-torture and horrible mutilation. But it is still more extraordinary that the authorities did not abstain from persecuting him and restore to him his liberty. Widely different was the conduct pursued. The surveillance under which he originally labored was still continued, and he was forced to pay a crown-a-day to the gendarme who guarded him. No wonder that he said to Sièyes, who saw him in this plight, *Ah! mon ami, je m'en vais enfin de ce monde, où il faut que le cœur se brise ou se bronzé.* The opinion of Chamfort himself was, that the pistol-ball was in his head: *Je sens (said he) que la balle est resté dans ma tête; ils n'iront pas l'y chercher.*

The youth of Chamfort was irregular and stormy. His birth, his poverty, his passions, his decided taste for letters—a taste which led him away from all lucrative occupation—were all circumstances unfavorable to him in a worldly sense. The lightness and liveliness of his mind—the vivacity and originality of his humor—the readiness of his repartees—his natural causticity, which veiled the kindness of his nature, and caused the goodness of his heart to be unjustly suspected—all contributed to throw around him a certain haze of unpopularity. This feeling was greatly increased by his unconquerable aversion to the numerous race of impudent, unabashed, and self-contented fools with which society is so thickly studded, and by his thorough disrelish and openly expressed contempt for pretenders of all kinds. Such sentiments, ever openly expressed, inspired many with fear, and not a few with hatred. Independently of this, the zeal with which Chamfort embraced the Revolution and its doctrines, made of every one opposed to his opinions a personal enemy. He had adopted from the clubs a custom of speaking out his mind perhaps too boldly, and of substituting loudness and vehemence for that politeness and courtesy of which he had been earlier a model. He has himself truly said, that there is a certain ardent energy incident to, or inseparable from, a particular kind of talent, which often misleads men into imprudences who are well inclined at bottom, and who are not morally wrong.

The events of Chamfort's life prove that he possessed a mind naturally strong and vigorous. Accustomed from early youth to struggle against adversity, he never once allowed himself to be cast down by despondency. After having enjoyed for many years the comforts of ease and independence, he looked with serenity and courage, in the last year of his life, on a prospect less cheering than lay before him at his outset in early youth. His proud spirit compounded with nothing mean or

servile—he abhorred all chains, whether of silk or of gold.

Chateaubriand, who had met Chamfort during the progress of the Revolution, gives us an account of his personal appearance. "Chamfort," says he, "was above the middle height, a little bent, pale-faced, and of a delicate complexion. His blue eye, occasionally cold and veiled when unexcited, sparkled and flashed with fire when he became animated. His open nostrils gave to his countenance an expression of energetic sensibility. His voice was flexible and well-modulated, but during my last moments in Paris it had become harsh and unpleasant. There was the agitated and imperious tone of factions and of clubs."

No man mixed more in the world than Chamfort, and he brought into it a spirit of observation so remarkable and ingenious as to appear to the ablest and shrewdest of his contemporaries almost unerring and miraculous in his judgments. This spirit of observation is most remarkable in that portion of his work with the title of *Maximes et Pensées*. In these maxims and thoughts we perpetually find that great Herault de Sechelles, himself a man of great wit and cleverness, called *les tenailles mordantes de Chamfort*. If it be alleged, on the one hand, that Chamfort is too prone to seek in French society, as it then existed, food for ridicule, or pictures of hypocrisy and insincerity, on the other hand it must be admitted that no one painted these vices in less attractive colors. Chamfort may have inclined too much to the opinion that the extreme development of civilization in the refined society in which he lived led only to corruption of morals, to hateful, ridiculous, and odious vices, to insincerity, to selfishness, and to dissimulation. But, at all events, he gives the reason, if not the justification, for the faith that was in him, in respect to this theory, in the portraits and salient traits which he presents to us, either in full length or *en buste*. It was his daily habit to write out on little slips of paper the results of his observations and reflections reduced into maxims—the anecdotes he had picked up in the great world—in the society of men and women of fashion, or of persons celebrated in the professions or as men of letters. Every trivial fact that could serve to illustrate manners or customs—every *mot piquant* or *spirituel* which escaped from himself or others, he noted down. There is thus infinite variety in his remarks. The court, the camp, the city, the exchange, the theatres, even the churches are put under contribution, and by turns appear as they really existed sixty or seventy years ago, in his brilliant and pictured pages. The following specimens, from the *Caractères et Anecdotes*, will show that our description is not exaggerated:—

It is an undoubted fact that *Madame*, the daughter of the king, playing with one of her maids, looked at the hands of her attendant, and after counting the worthy woman's fingers, exclaimed with surprise, "What! and is it really so? Why, you have also five fingers, like me!" And her royal highness commenced re-counting the fingers by way of assuring herself of the fact.

Marshal Richelieu having proposed a noble lady of a great house (whose name I forget) to Louis XV. *pour maitresse en titre*, the king would not hear of it, saying, that when he was tired of the lady, it would be far too costly a job to send her about her business.

Marshal Biron had a very dangerous illness. Wish-

ing to confess, he said, before many of his friends, "This I owe to God, this I owe to the king, this I owe to the state," &c. &c. A friend interrupted him thus, "Hold! hold! imprudent man that you are. If you don't mind what you are about, assuredly you will die insolvent!"

M—— once said to me, "I have known women of all countries. The Italian woman only believes in the sincerity of her lover when he is ready to commit a crime for her; the Englishwoman when he is disposed to be downright mad in her behalf; and the Frenchwoman when he is disposed to render himself silly and ridiculous for her sake."

A certain gentleman, who shall be nameless, had been, for thirty years, in the habit of passing his evenings at Madame H.'s. At length his wife died. People thought he would marry the lady whose house he frequented, and his best friends encouraged him to perpetrate the deed. He refused, saying, "In that case, my dear friends, where should I find a house of refuge to pass my evenings?"

Madame de Tencin, with the suavest manner in the world, was an unprincipled woman, capable of anything. On one occasion, a friend was praising her gentleness. "Ay, ay," said the Abbé Imblet, "if she had any object whatever in poisoning you, undoubtedly she would choose the sweetest and the least disagreeable poison in the world."

A clever man, M——, who had run counter to the general opinions, pronounced himself strongly against a popular work. In all societies, he was answered, that the public had come to a very different conclusion from his. "The public!" he rejoined, "how many fools must you collect together to form a public?"

A certain gentleman of my acquaintance, who shall be nameless, in the deepest mourning—in mourning, as they familiarly say, from the crown of the head to the sole of his foot. He wore a black scratch wig, weepers, and pulled the longest of interminably long faces. A friend, addressing him in a subdued tone, said, "Alas, my dear friend, who, then, have you had the misfortune to lose?" "I!" rejoined the man in sables and weepers, "I have lost nothing: the literal fact is, that I have been a widower for some days."

"All that I have seen in the world," said M——, "were undigested dinners, suppers without pleasure, conversations in which there was no confidence on one side or the other, alliances without friendship, and marriages without love."

I once said to an agreeable misanthrope, who had introduced to me a young friend of his, "Your friend, my dear sir, has no worldly tact; he knows nothing whatever of the usages of life." "Ah," said R., "he is already as mournful and downcast as if he knew every tittle of that of which you reproach him with utter ignorance."

In a large company, many details of the gluttony and *gourmandise* of various sovereigns were mentioned. "What would you have?" said M. de Brequigny; "in the name of Heaven, what would you have? These poor kings must do something, and it is as necessary they should eat as Jack, Tom, or Harry."

"You must flatter or frighten," said M——, "the interest or the self-love of men. Men are asses or monkeys, who only jump for nuts, or skip about in fear of the whip."

The familiarity which the great Frederick of Prussia permitted to those who lived on intimate terms with him, is well known. A certain general, who

shall be nameless, enjoyed this intimacy in the highest degree. The king, before the battle of Rosbach, said to his friend, that if he lost it, he would retire to Venice, and there practise physic. "Ah," replied the general, "*toujours assassin—toujours assassin.*"

During the last illness of Louis XV., which from the first was considered fatal, the physician, Lorry, who was sent for with Borden, in the opinions and advice which he gave, used the words *Il faut*. The king, shocked at this freedom, kept muttering in a low and dying voice, *Il faut! Il faut!*

A friend was complimenting Madame Denis on the admirable manner in which she played *Zaire*. "In order to play the part well," said Madame Denis, "an actress must be young and pretty." "Ah, madame," ingenuously rejoined the complimenter, "you are a living proof of the very contrary."

A friend advised the English satirist, Donne, to denounce profligacy and vice, but to spare the profligate and the vicious. "What!" said he, "denounce the cogged dice and packed cards, and let the players go scot free!"

On the death of Louis XIV. a courtier said, "Well, well, after the death of the king, I really can believe anything."

L'Eclure used to relate, that when quite a young man, and without fortune, arriving at Lunéville, he obtained the place of dentist to King Stanislaus on the very day on which the king lost his last tooth.

When Louis XV. was a young man, it was found necessary to correct him of a habit which he had contracted of tearing the lace of his courtiers. M. de Maurepas undertook this task. He appeared before the king with the most exquisite lace in the world. The king, approaching him, tore one of his ruffles, whereupon De Maurepas himself, with the greatest *sang-froid*, deliberately tore up the other, simply saying, "There's no pleasure in *that*." The king, surprised, blushed slightly, and from that hour was never known to tear lace.

After Stanislaus, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, had granted pensions to many ex-Jesuits, M. de Tressan said to him, "Sir, will your majesty do nothing for the family of Damiens, which is in the greatest distress?"

The Chevalier de Montbarey lived for a time in a provincial town of no note. On his return to the capital, his friends were condoling with him as to the wretched society, &c. "You are quite mistaken," cried he; "the good company of that little town is like good company everywhere, and the bad company is most excellent."

In order to judge what the *noblesse* is, said M——, it suffices to observe, that the living Prince de Turenne is more noble than M. de Turenne, and that the Marquis de Laval is more noble than the *Connétable de Montmorenci*.

While the King of Prussia was talking with D'Alembert, there entered one of the servants, a man of the very handsomest face and person. D'Alembert appeared struck with the circumstance. "That is," said the king, "the very handsomest man in my states. He was for a while my coachman, and I have a great mind to send him ambassador into Russia."*

When M. Dubreuil was on the point of death, he said to his friend M. Pehacéja, "Why is it, tell me, that so many people are in the room? You should be the only one here, for the disease is contagious."

* The Empress Catherine was then on the throne.

Marshal de Broglie married the heiress of a merchant, by whom he had three daughters. It was proposed to him, in the presence of his wife, that one of the daughters should enter a noble religious chapter as a *chanoinesse*. "I have," said he, "in marrying madame, closed against me an entrance to all chapters." "And you have also, by marrying me, closed against you the door of the alms-house," rejoined his wife.

M. de Turenne, seeing a child pass behind a horse in such sort that the urchin might be maimed for life by a kick, called the little truant towards him, and addressed him thus: "My fine little fellow, never pass behind a horse without leaving between you and the animal abundant space to escape unharmed. I promise you that in thus acting you will not travel an additional league in the whole course of your life, and remember it is Turenne who has told you so."

Diderot was asked what manner of man was M. d'Epinaï. "He is a man," said Diderot, "who has got through two millions without once saying a good thing or doing a good action."

M. de C——, one day speaking of the government of England in a society in which there were some bishops and abbés, one of the latter, by name the Abbé de Seguerand, said to him, "From the little I know of England, I am not in the least inclined to live there, and I know I should not like the place." "Ah," said M. de C——, "it is because you would find yourself ill at ease and would not like the country that it is in every way excellent."

Madame de Maintenon and Madame de Caylus were one day walking round the pond at Marly. The water was pellucid, and the ladies could see the carp moving slowly about, melancholy and meagre. Madame de Caylus drew Madame de Maintenon's attention to the fact. "Ah," said Madame de Maintenon, "the carp are like me; they regret their native mud."

The coachman of the King of Prussia having upset him, the king fell into an ungovernable rage. "Well," said the coachman, "it is a sad accident, a misfortune that might happen to any one—you, for instance, have you never lost a battle?"

A lady, aged ninety, said to Fontenelle at ninety-five, "Death has forgotten us." "Silence! not a word," said Fontenelle, placing his finger upon his mouth.

M. de Turenne, dining one day at M. de Lamignon's, the host inquired of his guest if his courage was never shaken at the commencement of a battle. "Yes," said Turenne, "I sometimes undergo great nervous excitement; but there are in the army a great number of subaltern officers and of soldiers who experience none whatever."

The King and Queen of Portugal were at Belem to witness a bull-fight the day of the earthquake of Lisbon. It was this saved them, and it is a fact, which has been avowed to me by many French then sojourning in Portugal, that the king never knew the real extent of the disaster. He was first told that some houses were destroyed; then some churches, and, having never returned to Lisbon, it may be said that he was the only man in Europe who had no idea of a disaster which happened within a league of him.

Duclos, not to profane the name of Romans, in speaking of modern Romans used to say an Italian of Rome.

"In the world," said M., "there are three sorts of friends: your friends who like you—your friends who do not care for you—and your friends who hate you."

A relative of M. de Vergennes asked him why he

permitted M. de Breteuil, who was likely to succeed him, to come to Paris. "Breteuil," said he, "is a man who has always filled embassies in foreign countries, and who is not known in Paris. His reputation is quite a fictitious one, though there are many who believe him fit to be minister. It is necessary to deceive these people by producing the Baron de Breteuil, and showing what manner of man he really is."

"My enemies can do nothing against me," said M.; "they cannot deprive me of the faculty of thinking rightly or acting well."

M. de — asked the Bishop of — to lend him a country box to which he never went. The bishop answered, "Don't you know it is necessary to have a place where you never go—a place in which you fancy you might be happy if you went there?" M. de —, after a momentary silence, answered, "That's true, and this feeling it is which has made the idea of Paris so popular."

A man of letters, whom a *grand seigneur* had made to feel the superiority of his rank, was thus addressed by an author: "M. le Duc, I am not ignorant of what I ought to know, but I also know right well that it is easier to be above me than on a level with me."

A village doctor went to visit a patient in a neighboring hamlet, and took with him his gun, that he might wing any game he encountered in crossing the fields. A peasant, meeting him on the way, asked whither he was going? "To see a patient," was the answer. "What, then," said the peasant, "do you really fear to miss him in the ordinary way, that you take your gun with you?"

"You yawn," said a lady to her husband. "My dear friend," said the husband, "husband and wife are but one, and when I am alone I become weary."

A theatrical proprietor, requesting M. de Villars to deprive the pages of the privilege of the free-list, said, "Observe, Monseigneur, that numerous pages make a volume."

A lady, who shall be nameless, was at the representation of *Méropé*, and did not shed a tear. Everybody was surprised. Perceiving which the lady said, "I could indeed have wept, but I am engaged out tonight to supper."

Gabrielli asked for singing for two months 5000 ducats of the Empress Catherine of Russia. "Why," said the empress, "none of my field-marshal are paid after that rate." "In that case," replied La Gabrielli, "your majesty may make your field-marshals sing."

A very young man, who had been in love with a woman of forty, with whom he had a quarrel, was advised by an elderly friend to require a return of his letters. "Probably she has them no longer." "Yes, yes," said the elderly friend, "undoubtedly she has them, for, after thirty, women very carefully treasure all love letters."

Madame de Talmont, seeing M. de Richelieu, instead of lavishing attention on herself, paying court to Madame de Brionne, a very pretty woman without the least mind, said to him, "Marshal, you are not blind, but I believe you are a little deaf."

The King of Prussia, seeing one of his soldiers with a scar on his face, said to the man, "In what wine shop have you been thus treated?" "In a wine shop in which you well paid your scot—at Collum," rejoined the soldier. The king, who had been well beaten at Collum, found the reply excellent.

After he had learned the details of the battle of Ramillies, Louis XIV. exclaimed, "God Almighty has then forgotten all that I have done for him."

A certain lady had lost her husband. Her confessor *ad honores* came the next day to see her, and found her playing with a well-dressed young man. Seeing the confessor amazed, "Sir," said she, "if you had come half an hour sooner, you would have found me bathed in tears; but I staked my grief against the gayety of this gentleman, and have lost, as you see."

Voltaire, passing through Soissons, received a visit from a deputation of the Academy of that town. The deputation declared that the Soissons Academy was the eldest daughter of the French Academy. "Yes, gentlemen," replied the wit, "the eldest daughter, a prudent, modest, virtuous girl, of whom nobody has ever said a word."

Little Philosophical Dialogues.

A. I am at daggers drawn with her.
B. Why, pray?
A. I've spoken ill of her.
B. I undertake to arrange the affair. What have you said?
A. That she was a coquette.
B. I'll reconcile you.
A. And, further, that she was ugly.
B. Oh! then I'll have nothing more to do with the affair.

Cook. I could not buy that salmon.
Dr. of the Sorbonne. Why not?
Cook. A counsellor bid for it.
Dr. of the Sorbonne. Here, take one hundred crowns, and straightway purchase the salmon and the counsellor

A. The wife you propose to me is not rich.
B. But you are.
A. I wish to marry a rich woman. It is necessary that man and wife should be assorted.
A. The place is respectable.
B. You mean to say lucrative.
A. Respectable and lucrative are one and the same.

A. You know the Count de —, is he agreeable?
B. No; he is a man of noble feelings, elevated mind, cleverness, and acquired knowledge; that's all.

Dialogue between two Courtiers.

A. It is a long time since you have seen M. Turgot.
B. Yes.
A. You have not seen him since his disgrace, for example?
B. I believe so. The fact is, I fear lest my presence should recall the happy time when we daily met at the king's council.

Philosophical Dialogue between the King of Prussia and Darget.

The King. Now for it, Darget. Amuse me by relating the etiquette of the King of France. Commence with his morning toilette. [Darget enters into all these details, describes the officers, valets de chambers, their functions, etc.]

The King (in a fit of loud laughter). Ah! Grand Dieu! If I were king of France I'd make another king to do all those sort of things in my place.

Dialogue between the Emperor and the King of Naples.

The King. Never was an education more neglected than mine.

The Emperor. How is that? (Aside.) There's something in this man.

The King. Imagine to yourself that at twenty years old I did n't know how to make a fricassee of

chicken, and the little of cookery I know has been self-taught.

Why is it that you give nothing new to the public?

Under this head Chamfort assigns many reasons for his silence, some of which we give:—

For this, among other reasons, that the public uses literary men as the chimney-sweeps of the Pont St. Michel serve the climbing boys they enlist in their service. They get ten crowns the first day, are made drunk, and receive more kicks than halfpence for the rest of their lives.

I give nothing new to the public because people press me to write for the same reason that when they go to the window they wish to see passing monkeys or bear leaders.

I give no more to the public because I don't wish to die without having lived.

I give no more to the public because I wish not to act like men of letters in general, who may be likened to donkeys plunging and kicking before an empty manger.

I give nothing to the public because I prefer the esteem of worthy people and my own happiness to some praises, some crowns, accompanied with insults and calumnies.

I give nothing new to the public because I have known all the celebrated men of our time, and have seen them rendered unhappy by this passion for celebrity, have seen them dying degraded in running after it.

Maxims and Thoughts.

You ask how a man makes his fortune? Look at what passes in the pit of a theatre on a day on which there is a crowd. See how some remain behind—how those in the first rank draw back—how those in the last ranks are carried forward. This image is so just that the word which expresses it has passed into popular language. It is called making one's fortune, pushing one's way. For instance, the mass say, "My son, my nephew, will push himself on." Politer people say, "will get on, will advance himself, will arrive at the goal." These softened terms exclude the thought of force, of violence, of coarseness, but the leading idea subsists nevertheless.

There are men who have a need to go on stilts, and to raise themselves above others at whatever price. All is equal to them whether they be placed on the trestles of a charlatan, on the boards of a theatre, on a throne or scaffold, they are equally content, provided they draw attention.

The most utterly lost of all days is that on which you have not once laughed.

Prejudice, vanity, calculation—these are the things that govern the world. The man who only knows as rules of conduct, reason, truth, sentiment, has nothing in common with society. It is in himself he ought to seek and find his only happiness.

The Dutch have no commiseration for men who get into debt. They consider that every man in debt lives, if he be poor, at the expense of his fellow-citizens, and of his heirs if he be rich.

Of society, the great, the rich, and people of the world.

The world is never known by books. This has been often said, but the reason has never been told. It is really that this knowledge is the result of a thousand fine and delicate observations which self-love confides to no one, not even to one's best friend.

Men fear to show themselves as occupied with little things, though these little things are very important to the success of the greatest affair.

In reading the memoirs of the time of Louis XIV.

one finds in the bad company of that day something that is wanting in the good of the present.

That which is said in circles, in drawing-rooms, in public assemblies, in books, even in those books which are published with a view to make known society, is all false and insufficient. One may describe all this by the Italian word, *per la predica*, or by the Latin, *ad populum, phalaras*. That which is true, that which is instructive, is what a conscientious man, who has seen much and seen well, would say to his friend by the fireside. Some of these conversations have more instructed me than all books, or than the ordinary commerce of society. They put me on the right road, and cause me to reflect more.

From a thousand characteristic traits which I have heard related, I am sure that if apes had the talent of parrots they would be made ministers of state.

Society is composed of two great classes, those who have more dinners than appetites, and those who have more appetites than dinners.

People give ten guinea dinners to entertain those for whose good digestion of the expensive dinner they would not give a groat.

The friendship of the court may be compared to the faith of foxes and the society of wolves.

You believe that a minister, that a man in place, is imbued with such and such a principle, and you believe it because you have heard him say so. In consequence of this, you abstain from asking him for this or that thing which would place him in contradiction with his favorite maxim. You soon, however, learn that you have been a dupe, and you see him do things which prove to you that a minister has no principles, but solely a habit of making certain declarations.

When one wishes to please in the world one must be resigned to be taught many things which one very well knows by people ignorant of them.

The menace of a neglected cold is for the doctors that which purgatory is for the priests—a mine of wealth.

A man of talent is lost if he does not join to talent energy of character. With the lantern of Diogenes you should also have his stick.

No one has more enemies in this world than an up-right, proud, and sensible man, disposed to take persons and things for what they really are, and not for what they are not.

The world hardens the hearts of the mass of mankind. That class of human beings least inclined to become callous are obliged to create for themselves a species of factitious insensibility, in order that they may not be the dupes of men or women.

We know not at all the man we know not thoroughly. There are few men who deserve to be studied. From this it arises that the man of true merit has in general little solicitude to be known. He is aware that few would appreciate him, and that in this small number each one has his connections, his interests, his self-love, which prevent him from forming an unbiased opinion, and from giving to merit its proper place.

On love, marriage, and gallantry.

A man in love is a man who wishes to be more amiable and agreeable than he can be, and this is the reason why almost all men in love are ridiculous.

Women of the middle rank, who have the hope or the mania of being something in the world, enjoy neither the happiness of nature nor of society; they are the most unfortunate creatures I have known.

The most rational word that has been said on the questions of celibacy and marriage is this—whatever decision you take you'll repent of it. Fontenelle, in his latter days, regretted he had not married. He forgot ninety-five years passed in careless indifference.

Of the slavery and liberty of France before and since the Revolution.

The natural character of the Frenchman is composed of the qualities of the monkey and the setter. Merry, frolicsome, and mischievous as the monkey, he is, like the setter, caressing and licking the master who strikes him. Like the setter he submits his neck to the chain; like the *chien de chasse*, too, he leaps with joy when he is let loose for sport.

The most respectable title of the French noblesse, is to have immediately descended from some one of those 30,000 helmeted, cuirassed, iron-braceleted, mailed men, who, mounted on caparisoned horses, trampled under foot eight or nine millions of unarmed and defenceless men, the ancestors of the existing nation. Here is a well-proved, a well-averred right to the love and respect of their descendants. And to render this noblesse still more respectable, it recruits and regenerates itself by the adoption of men who have increased their fortune in robbing the cottage of the poor man not in a position to pay taxes. Wretched human institutions, which, made to inspire contempt and horror, require that you respect and revere them.

The being obliged to be a born gentleman in order to be a captain of a ship (which was the case in France before the Revolution of 1789), is about as reasonable a regulation as the requiring a sailor and cabin-boy to have been one of the king's secretaries.

The only history worthy of reading is the history of a free people. The history of a people groaning under a despotism is but a collection of anecdotes.

France, a country in which it is always necessary to display one's vices, and always dangerous to disclose one's virtues.

Can people believe that despotism has partisans under the pretended necessity of encouraging the fine arts? The number of those who have taken up this notion has been greatly increased by the splendor of Louis XIV.'s reign. According to these sages, the perfection of human society is to have fine tragedies, fine comedies, &c. People such as these and the like of them pardon all the ill done by priests, considering that without priests we should never have had the *Tartuffe*.

Paris, singular city, where you can dine for thirty sous, but must pay four francs for taking the air, one hundred louis for the superfluous in the necessary, and four hundred louis for only having the necessary in the superfluous.

Had space permitted, we should have been glad to give some extracts from the tragedy of *Mustapha and Zangir*, and from the comedy of the *Merchant of Smyrna*. In the tragedy, the reader would have seen how carefully Chamfort had studied the manner of Racine, and how much he had gained of his suavity and polish.

One of the most striking of the prose pieces of this author, is his *Tableaux of the French Revolution*, written to describe the principal scenes of 1789—such as the taking of the Bastille, the Serment du Jeu de Paume; but having re-read these pieces carefully, though we do not deny they are composed with picturesque vigor, yet it must be admitted they smack too much of the democratic passions and feelings of the time to pass for history. Penned in a time of fierce exultation and

excitement, the burning ardor of the writer would now appear too fervent, more especially as time has dissipated many too sanguine illusions, and dashed to the ground too flattering hopes.

Among the poetical pieces of Chamfort, there are some madrigals and barcaroles, some imitations from Ovid, Martial, and the Anthology, not without grace and causticity, but we see no particular reason for reproducing them. Many of his reviews and *resumés* of French works published in the ten years between 1780 and 1790, are admirable, and may be considered as the papers which, a quarter of a century later, served as models to the Edinburgh reviewers. The letters of Chamfort are not as light and lively as might be expected from an author of so caustic a humor; but some of them, more especially those to Mirabeau and Morellet, will repay perusal. Chamfort had written much on the drama, the theatrical art, and theatres; but the French drama and theatres are so essentially different from our own, that we cannot see any reason for dwelling on the subject. It remains, therefore, for us merely to present certain passages from his *Eloge* of Molière and La Fontaine.

Extracts from the Discourse on Molière.

In this crisis ancient morals and manners contrasted with the new lights and the national character formed by ages of barbarism ceased to harmonize with the new spirit spreading from day to day. Molière sought to reconcile both the one and the other. The savage temper of fathers and husbands—the virtue of women savoring overmuch of prudery—learning disfigured by pedantry, cramped the spirit of society, which became the spirit of the nation. Medical men attached to their costume, to their Latin, to the principles of Aristotle, deserved the eulogium which M. Diaforius gives to his son—namely, that of combating the most self-evident truths. The ridiculous mixture of ancient barbarism and the false modern *bel esprit* had produced the jargon of the *precieuses*; the prodigious ascendant of the court over the city—airs, pretensions, false importance in all orders of the state down to the bourgeoisie. It was in a moment so favorable to his particular talent that the youth of Molière was passed—Molière who has contributed to render reason agreeable, pleasure virtuous, and vice ridiculous.

Molière carefully studied the writings of Aristophanes, the most singular monument of Grecian antiquity. He saw with astonishment the most opposite characters mingle in the character of that poet, cynical satire, ingenious censure, boldness, true comicality, superstition, brilliant sallies, jeering, buffoonery—Rabelais on the boards, such is Aristophanes. He attacks vice with the courage of virtue—virtue with the boldness of vice. A certain comical fervor and aim, and again a certain whirling rapidity, are the theatrical merits of Aristophanes, and these are the only qualities which Molière has despised to appropriate to himself.

What in effect is a good comedy? It is the frank and ingenuous representation of a pleasant action, where the poet, under the appearance of a facile and natural arrangement, conceals the most profound combinations, places in the foreground in a comical manner the development of his subjects and of his characters, contrasting their situations, and hurrying the spectator from surprise to surprise; giving him much, promising him more; causing each incident, sometimes each half word, to weave itself into, or loosen itself from, the plot; producing with one single means many effects, all prepared and not foreseen till the catastrophe discloses a useful moral, and exhibits the philosopher hidden behind the poet. Why is it

that I cannot show the application of these principles to all the comedies of Molière? You may see what extreme art has presided over each of these works, with what boldness he raises himself up in his first scenes to the highest degree of comedy, and presents to the spectators, as in *l'Ecole des Femmes*, a vast and deepening background; with what address he finds comicality in the subsidiary parts, not being able to work it out in the principal; this is the artifice of the *Tartuffe*; with what art a solitary personage, almost detached from the scene, but animating the whole picture, forms a piquant contrast to the inimicable groups of the *Misanthrope* and of the *Femmes Savantes*; with what difference he treats the comic noble and the comic bourgeois, and the advantage he draws from both in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Then, again, the moment he chooses for the entry of his characters, exhibiting to us Harpagon in the happiest moment of his life, when he marries his children, when he marries himself, the day, in fine, on which he gives a dinner.

In another passage Chamfort truly says—

To the most solid common sense Molière joined one of the most observing minds that ever existed. He studied man in every situation; he observed above all, and curiously pried into, that involuntary movement which escapes from the secret soul in its surprise, a movement which reveals the secret of character, and which one may call the *mot du cœur*.

From the *Eloge* of La Fontaine, we can only extract a few detached passages, which will serve to show how justly he appreciated that simple and charming writer:—

Mankind, corrected by Molière, ceasing to be ridiculous may still remain vicious; corrected by La Fontaine, man would neither be vicious nor ridiculous, he would be reasonable and good; and we should find ourselves virtuous as La Fontaine was a philosopher without once doubting the fact. His book is the natural law in action, it is the morality of Montaigne poured into a softer soul, rectified by a more sterling sense, and embellished with the colors of an imagination more agreeable and not less brilliant. La Fontaine is not the poet of heroism, but of common life and of common sense. Labor, vigilance, economy, prudence without restlessness, the advantage of living with one's equals, the need that one has of one's inferiors, moderation in all things, these are the qualities which he loves, and causes to be loved. Where existed before his time, at least to the same degree, this art of preparing and melting together, so to speak, incidents, of generalizing local scenes, of arranging those surprises which form the soul of comedy? who possesses, like him, the charming art of chatting with his reader and playing with his subject? The style of La Fontaine is perhaps the most astonishing of which the literary history of ages offers an example. It was reserved to him to cause to be admired in the brevity of an apologue the agreement and harmony of the most opposite colors. Often in one single fable you find united the *naïveté* of Marot, the *badinage* and *esprit* of Voiture, touches of the highest poetry, and many of those verses tingling with sound common sense which remain forever in the memory. No author has possessed in a higher degree that suppleness of mind and of imagination which yields and lends itself to all the varying hues and movements of his subject. All the reproaches that have been levelled at La Fontaine have not weakened the charm which leads us ever back to him, which renders him the favorite of all nations and of all ages, without even excepting the age of infancy. What magic is it by which all minds and tastes are thus fixed? It is the simplicity of that style in which they find the language of conversation.

Here we must break off. They who would know

more of what Chamfort says of Molière and La Fontaine must refer to his long-neglected volumes.

Whether they deserve to be so neglected, after the specimens we have given of his *esprit* and cleverness, we leave the reader to judge.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

FITNESS.

LOOKING at the shop-windows of our tailors, drapers, and upholsterers, we find a solution of many of those anomalies of our domestic establishments, which prey so upon sensitive and artistic minds. Carpets, draperies, and dresses all partake of extravagancies, and offend the educated eye with their ludicrous combinations of color and outline. Shirts are now adorned with figures of dancers, chess-boards, and flowers, any of them large enough for the patterns of stage carpets, to say nothing of the absurdity of carrying fifty or sixty ballet girls, birds of Paradise, winners of the Derby, or panoramas of the battle of Waterloo, upon one's linen; or perhaps a whole set of chessmen depicted in blood-scarlet, staring from between the folds of the waistcoat. Colored shirts may be suitable for boating or cricketing, but, in general, neatness, not gaudy extravagance, should prevail. Then we find the upholsterers vying in the production of elegant carpets and hearth-rugs, and verily, as far as colors and textures go, they reach a point very near perfection. But then how absurd to fill up a hearth-rug with a picture of a lion, not a meek dying thing which every donkey might kick, but a vigorous animal, so graphically drawn, that one almost starts at seeing it! In old times it was thought a high reach of manufacturing art to produce rugs bearing representations of lions' and tigers' skins. There was something natural in making a mat of a lion's skin, but now, rug printing and weaving have achieved such triumphs, that we can afford to make ridiculous uses of our achievements, and we tread on lions, tigers, and dogs, as we formerly trod upon their skins. True, these recent productions are of marvellous beauty, but they are at the same time inappropriate in their purpose. Groups of grass and herbage, matted roots, fern leaves, and even gorgeous flowers are admissible, because we are accustomed to tread on such things, or at least, it is natural for them to lie passive on the ground; but everybody should see the unreasonableness of making a mat of a live lion; for if we assert that it is simply a picture of the beast and not the beast itself, we pay a poor compliment to the artist and make the picture none the more appropriate when laid under the feet.

In the management of a house, it is surprising how much may be done towards comfort and elegance, by an appropriate arrangement of furniture, even where the supply and the means are small. Ample means are no guarantee of comfort, if the mistress of the house is devoid of a sense of fitness; for, costly furniture ill-arranged often presents a most odious appearance, while a little, tastefully placed, may successfully compete with it. In the necessary harmony and contrast of color, this is especially apparent; and many a well-furnished house is marred all through by incongruities of color continually offending the eye. In illustration of the attention necessary in the disposition of colors, we might cite the case of her majesty's theatre, which, some years since, was decorated with hangings of a bright orange color, which so

absorbed the light and riveted the eye that it was almost impossible to see the ladies in the boxes with their brilliant attire; while the scenery and dresses on the stage were almost equally eclipsed. It should not be forgotten either that colors are suggestive of sentiments—that every color has its appropriate meaning: thus, blue implies modesty, because blue is a retiring color, and recedes from the eye; whereas orange implies boldness and valor, because it comes forward and approaches the eye. By this recognition of the symbolic ideas of color, and their respective effects on the eye, we are enabled to throw over the breakfast-parlor the idea, as well as the look, of domestic comfort; to give to the drawing-room the colors, as well as the character, of elegance; and not only so, but to make every detail fitting and appropriate, instead of heaping together incongruous things, and disposing their colors so that one outshines another. Lovers of literature are well aware of this, and adapt the bindings of books to the nature of the work. Books on theology are bound in church purple; natural history in green; philosophy in sober brown; chivalric romances in scarlet; and it would be in very bad taste to bind a bridal gift in anything but white, or the palest and most heavenly blue.

SUPERSTITIONS RESPECTING BEES.—With regard to the custom of informing bees of a death in the family, and the penalty of omitting to do so, I can add to the proof of it. I find, among some memoranda I made more than five-and-twenty years ago, the following note: "In Buckinghamshire it is common, on the death of any one of the family, for the nurse to go to all the bee-hives in the garden, and tap gently three times, each time repeating three times these words, 'Little brownie, little brownie, your master's dead;' when the bees, beginning to hum, show their consent to remain. The omission of this ceremony, it is believed, would occasion the loss of the bees by flight, or otherwise."—*From Notes and Queries.*

RESPECTING the invention of that hasty but invaluable servant, the lucifer-match, the *Gateshead Observer* has the following: "A quarter of a century ago, Mr. John Walker, of Stockton-upon-Tees, then (as now) carrying on the business of a chemist and druggist in that town, was preparing some lightning mixture for his own use. By the accidental friction on the hearth of a match dipped in the mixture, a light was obtained. The hint was not thrown away. Mr. Walker commenced the sale of friction matches. This was in April, 1827. 'Young England,' who has come into being since that day, now buys a pocket of lucifers for a penny. Mr. Walker, for a box of fifty, with a piece of double sand-paper for a friction, got a shilling! 'Prometheans' and other competitors beat him down to sixpence; and then, unwilling to be still further beaten down, he renounced the sale."

An amusing anecdote is just now current in New Jersey. A number of gentlemen were sitting round the bar-room of a hotel, the subject of discourse being the size of a pigeon flight, when one of the number started a new point by saying, "Well, gentlemen, you need not make so much difficulty about the length of that pigeon-streak, as I once saw myself a flight of crows a mile wide, twenty-five miles long, and they wor so thick you couldn't see the sun." "Don't believe it, captain," said a tall Vermonter, emphatically. "Well, now, look here," said the crow-man, as he deliberately took in the huge proportions of the sceptic, "you're a stranger here, I calculate, and I don't want to quarrel; so, rather than fight, if you are satisfied, I'll take off *half a mile* from the *thinnest part!*"

From Household Words.

LLOYD'S.

"Who is Lloyd?"

In common with thousands of others, I have often asked this question, while reading in the newspapers of terrible disasters at sea, of loss of noble, richly-freighted ships and richer human lives, of damage done to cargoes, of wrecks found floating on the waste of waters far at sea, of solitary spars, or empty casks, picked up on foreign shores: I had read, too, with gladdened heart—and who has not?—of ships arrived in far-off colonies or Indian ports, with some dear friends on board, and all reported well.

He must be a most wonderful man, this Lloyd, whose Shipping Lists supply all this intelligence. Is he some active and wealthy ship-broker, a native of Wales, wearing a Welsh wig, and busily occupied with long lists of ships in some little dark, dusty office, somewhere down by Custom House Quay? Nobody could tell me, so I resolved to make Mr. Lloyd's acquaintance, and to learn from his own lips how he contrived to gather together such a mass of intelligence as he does gather within the space of twenty-four hours.

My inquiries led me to the Royal Exchange, where I was told I should find Lloyd's, and where, at the end of half an hour of questioning, I actually discovered two gigantic doors, with the sought-for word blazoned over them in burnished brass. The doors were flung wide open, as though one or two ships were going to be launched through them very shortly. Before me, as I entered, rose a noble flight of stairs, as wide almost as a frigate's deck, and up and down these Titan stones rushed past me scores of people in half-abstracted mood. I could have imagined that the men I met rushing out had just heard of some fearful shipwreck, involving the loss of all their worldly possessions, were it not that those who entered seemed to be quite as alarmed and hurried. At the top of this splendid stone stair-case is a lofty room, somewhat circular in shape, and containing numerous doors, which were guarded by two formidable-looking men in red cloaks; of one of these I inquired for the proprietor, and was thereupon referred to the secretary's office, a suite of quite elegant rooms.

The information I gathered in these offices may be classed under three heads: the objects and history of Lloyd's; the external agencies by which it is brought into action; the internal arrangements, by means of which its varied intelligence is received, digested, arranged, and, finally, disseminated.

The Society of Underwriters or Marine Insurers, now known by the designation of Lloyd's, appears to be one of the oldest associations extant. The system of insuring shippers of goods as well as owners of ships against losses at sea, may be traced as long back as the reign of Edward the Sixth—probably still farther; although that is the date of the oldest record of such a practice to be found amongst the State Papers. In the preamble to statute 43d of Elizabeth, marine insurance is mentioned as "an usage time out of mind." At these periods, the merchants and others who insured or underwrote policies, assembled at the "Exchange-house" in Lombard Street, long before the old Royal Exchange was built. After the Great Fire of London, the Society of Underwriters assembled for the purpose of business at a coffee-house in Lombard Street, and afterwards in Pope's Head

Alley, kept by a person named Lloyd—hence the present designation of the body; and they appear to have remained guests of Mr. Lloyd until the year 1774, when they once more took up their quarters in the Royal Exchange, to be again burnt out in 1838.

At present the institution numbers two hundred and seventeen underwriters, one thousand three hundred and sixty-eight members and substitutes, and five hundred and three subscribers to the merchants' room, who pay yearly subscriptions varying from ten guineas to two guineas; these, with entrance fees, make up about nine thousand six hundred pounds yearly. Besides this source of income, Lloyd's receives two hundred pounds a year from each of the five principal Assurance Companies, besides various yearly sums from Dock Companies and sale-rooms, as well as from the editors of such daily papers as have the privilege of early copies of shipping intelligence, making up a total annual income of about twelve thousand pounds. The wealth and liberality of this body may be estimated by the fact, that at the period when this country was threatened with an invasion from Napoleon, a sum amounting to twenty thousand pounds, and afterwards made thirty-five thousand pounds, was devoted by Lloyd's towards the formation of what has since been termed the Patriotic Fund, for the relief of sufferers in the war and their families. Besides this noble gift, the committee has at various times presented nineteen thousand pounds to charitable and patriotic funds.

Let us now see by what machinery this institution is enabled at nearly all times to command the very earliest and best information relative to shipping and cargoes at every part of the civilized world. This is effected by agents, who are located at each port of note in the four quarters of the globe: no maritime town of any consequence is without a Lloyd's agent; and, although no salary attaches to these offices—certain casual fees alone forming their remuneration—so anxiously are they coveted, as bestowing a certain degree of respectability, that it is a frequent occurrence for as many as fifty applications to be made on the occasion of a vacancy. It is the duty of these agents to report by every mail or post the arrivals and departures of ships; all accidents or disasters relative to shipping or cargoes; the appearance of enemies' cruisers in time of war; to render assistance to masters of vessels in any cases of difficulty or danger; to furnish certificates of damage to goods or vessels, and generally to furnish every kind of information likely to prove of service to the underwriters of Lloyd's.

The number of Lloyd's agents in foreign and colonial ports is two hundred and ninety-six: these are chiefly mercantile men; and, not unfrequently, the British Consul at a foreign port is selected to perform the duty of agent.

In the United Kingdom—from the fact of the very dangerous character of most of the sea-coast, and the multitudinous arrivals and departures—the agents amount to not less than one hundred and forty-seven, or one half as many as throughout the rest of the world. To facilitate and simplify the duties of these home agents, the entire coasts of Great Britain and Ireland have been divided into certain portions, from point to point, within which each agent has his functions as accurately defined as have our county magistrates in matters of police. It must be at once apparent that in such serious matters as shipwrecks or other acci-

dents of the sea, it could not be permitted for the least shadow of doubt to exist in the mind of an agent as to any such disaster happening in his or his neighbor's district.

In this way England, Wales, and Scotland are divided into one hundred and twenty-three agencies. No. 1 of this list extends from the eastern limits of the parish of Gravesend to the west entrance of Faversham Creek: No. 2 extends from the east entrance of Faversham Creek to Reculver Church. The districts are carried thus quite round the kingdom, taking in the Channel Islands and those to the north of Scotland, and returning back to the other bank of the Thames as far as Southend Pier, which is the last agency. In Ireland the same division is observed—the duties, however, are there discharged by twenty-four agents.

It becomes the duty of all these four hundred and forty-three agents, at home and abroad, to ascertain the particulars of every casualty of any kind occurring within their respective agencies to ships or cargoes, and to report the same with the least possible delay to the secretary of Lloyd's. The necessity which exists for such early and authentic intelligence will be apparent, when it is remembered that both ships and goods are frequently insured long after their departure from the country, and in the event of a vessel not having been heard of at the expected period, insurances effected upon her are often increased, of course at a much higher rate in proportion to the supposed risk of the transaction.

The home establishment consists of a suite of rooms set apart for the use of the committee and officers; and another range of apartments appropriated to the various subscribers to Lloyd's in the Royal Exchange. There are, of course, a secretary's room, clerks', and waiting rooms, committee and record rooms, as well as an admirably arranged lavatory. The public apartments consist of five rooms. The largest of them is the underwriting room, where the underwriters and brokers transact the multifarious business connected with marine insurances. It is a busy scene towards the afternoon, when persons willing to take risks of insurance, deal, through the medium of brokers, with those who have ships and cargoes to insure. It is quite impossible to form any accurate estimate of the value of property, of all kinds, insured through the year by means of underwriting at Lloyd's; it may be sufficient to observe, however, that by far the greater portion of British shipping and goods imported into and exported from this country, as well as into and from many foreign countries, are here insured. The insurances of America, France, Germany, Spain, and indeed of all other trading nations, are principally effected through the instrumentality of this one body. No other country possesses such an institution. There is, indeed, the "Austrian Lloyd's," but much less important in nature and extent than ours.

It may be readily imagined that with agencies spread over the four quarters of the globe, with mails constantly arriving from beyond sea, the amount of correspondence involved in the getting together the shipping news of the world, which Lloyd's List really is, must be very considerable, and oftentimes exceedingly heavy. In the winter and spring months the advices of casualties multiply; and, on the arrival of an Indian or American mail, the work is necessarily much increased. By special arrangements made with the Post-Office, all letters and packets addressed to Lloyd's are

promptly delivered to their messengers. Railways and steamboats are not rapid enough for the news which has to be transmitted from various parts of the coast, relative to shipping. The electric telegraph is in daily use during stormy weather; and a few hastily deciphered words received at the telegraph branch, at one end of the merchant's room, frequently chronicles the loss of thousands of pounds to the busy men around.

At half-past eight in the morning, the opening of the first receipt of letters commences. By a well-digested method the clerk who opens them assort them as to locality, and others immediately begin the work of copying the various names, dates, and incidents. So rapidly and systematically is this done, that by ten o'clock—when men of business are usually at their offices—a perfect list of arrivals, &c., is made up and posted in one of the public rooms. Simultaneously with this registering, the list is put into type at Lloyd's printing-office below, and rough copies printed on slips of paper, which are marked with the hour and minute when issued; and these, which form the foundation of the daily list published in the afternoon, are despatched to the several Assurance Companies, as well as posted in the reading-room at Lloyd's, so that any error in names, or otherwise, may be seen and rectified before the perfect and final list be published. Inasmuch as mails arrive in London during all hours of the day, a succession of these slips are printed and issued until late in the afternoon.

Lloyd's books, which are in fact transcripts of these slips, are kept closely written up as intelligence comes to hand. They are placed in conspicuous parts of the underwriting room, and are of necessity highly interesting to all persons connected with the shipping interest. In former days every item of intelligence was posted in these huge volumes in the order in which they were received, the accidents and the disasters being distinguished by having the words written in large characters, or double lines, as they were technically called. Now, however, that the business of this establishment has so largely increased, it has been found expedient to adopt something of classification, in order to facilitate the researches of underwriters and others through such a mass of intelligence. The lists, which also contain the sailings and speakings at sea, are therefore transcribed into the two distinct volumes; the one, containing arrivals in all parts of the world, is called the 'Arrivals' Book; the other, recording losses and casualties, is termed the Loss Book.

Towards the afternoon the various printed slips, with any corrections that may be needed, together with all electric despatches received, are thrown together, and thus form the daily publication known as Lloyd's List. Occasionally shipping news is received by other parties, and communicated to Lloyd's, in which case such advice is embodied in their list. So well known are the facilities of this society for collecting first-rate intelligence, that the Admiralty and the East India Company frequently receive the earliest intelligence through the medium of Lloyd's.

With this daily distribution of intelligence, the labors of the secretary and his staff, however, are by no means completed. The geographical arrangements of shipping news in a series of carefully digested books is found most useful to parties making inquiries respecting vessels, the names of which may be in question, but whose ports of

destination are known; they are of service, too, as at once indicating the shipping transactions of the several ports of the world. One of the most laborious, however, of the daily tasks at Lloyd's, is that of writing up the enormous Indexes to the shipping lists. These are contained in four thick folio volumes, embracing the names of all ships known at Lloyd's from A to Z. The object of these Indexes is to enable persons to trace out the several voyages of any known vessel, or the particular date of the departure or arrival of any ship from or at any particular port in years past. Such data is needed more frequently than might be supposed. For instance, we will suppose a shipper wishes to forward goods to Calcutta by a fast-sailing vessel; several are named to him as taking in cargo, but he cannot ascertain which of them is likely to make the best run out. To satisfy himself on this point he turns to Lloyd's Indexes, and there he finds against the name of each ship long lines of abbreviations and figures in black and red inks. These abbreviations notify the port, the date, and the particular column of a particular issue of Lloyd's List, in which these several movements may be found recorded; and, to simplify these data still more completely, the notices of arrival are in black ink; those of departures or casualties are in red. In this way may be found recorded the passages of every vessel known, to commence from the date of its maiden voyage until it be at last entered (in red) as having foundered. It may be mentioned that these Indexes contain the names of forty thousand sea-going ships, our coasters not being included amongst them. So greatly has the shipping of the world increased of late years—especially that of Great Britain—that the task of writing up these Indexes, which a dozen years since occupied one person for about six hours, is now the work of two index-keepers from morning until the close of the office.

In addition to the supervision of this mass of daily labor, the secretary has not only to keep up the ordinary correspondence with agents in all parts of the world, but to satisfy persons making inquiries respecting the fate of some ship, or of some friend—a passenger or sailor by a vessel not heard of for a long period. To reply to these is certainly no portion of the duties of Lloyd's secretary; yet the arrangements made enable him to attend to these letters, and to afford valuable and interesting information. It must be obvious that, from the very nature and extent of the details of these operations, each day must necessarily see its own work brought to a termination; a single day's arrears would fling the establishment into irretrievable confusion, and seriously impair its usefulness; and this is so well understood that, let the amount of labor be what it may, all remain at their posts until the last stroke of the pen has been made.

The progress of an institution such as this, marching onwards and expanding with the pressure of the times, may well serve to indicate the growth of commerce, not only in our own land, but throughout the civilized world. Now, the oldest published Lloyd's List in existence bears date 1745, and is in possession of the committee of Lloyd's, being somewhat more than a century old; we are thus enabled to draw a tolerably accurate comparison between the shipping operations of the middle of the last century, and the middle of the present century.

The old Lloyd's List appears to have been the last that was published once in the week; it is printed on a narrow slip of paper about a foot in length; and, besides containing the price of bullion and the stocks, gives the rate of exchange on foreign countries; these are on one side. On the reverse is what was then termed "the Marine List;" which gives a list of twenty-three arrivals and twelve departures at English ports, with thirty-four ships at anchor in the Downs. There are also notices of four arrivals in Irish and foreign ports, with advice of three British ships taken by the enemy's privateers. Turning from this document, which gives a week's news, to one of the year 1800, published daily, we find it contains, on an average, notices of seventy-five ships. This was in time of war; and, comparing numbers, we find the ships noticed as ten to one against the previous date. Following up the comparison, we turn to a Lloyd's List for 1850; one of the fullest of these covered fifteen pages in the Arrivals and Loss books for one day, giving the names of about four hundred and sixty vessels, being six times the number of those in 1800, and as numerous as the lists of one entire year in the previous century.

A just idea of the importance attaching to shipping advices by underwriters and others, may be formed from the number of casualties of all kinds occurring on the seas in all parts. The documents existing at Lloyd's show these were, in the year 1847, not less than about two thousand two hundred; of which as many as eight hundred were instances of ships abandoned at sea, or wrecked. In 1850, the total casualties of all descriptions were still heavier, having been about three thousand six hundred. These figures do not include steam-vessels, the casualties relating to which were seventy-one in 1847, and one hundred and eight in 1850.

Amongst the casualties, there were, in the year 1847, not less than forty-nine ships reported as having put to sea, of which no further tidings were heard; these must, of course, have gone down with all hands. To estimate the value of property thus totally lost in each year would be a matter of considerable difficulty; yet we may arrive at an approximation. If we value each of the eight hundred total losses in 1847, with their cargoes, at an average of only three thousand pounds each, we shall find the loss to amount to about two millions and a half sterling. Continuing this estimate to 1850, we might, by a similar mode of calculation, make the total of losses sustained by the underwriters at Lloyd's and elsewhere, on the three thousand six hundred casualties in that year, amount to between four and five millions sterling!

Vast, however, as is the amount of property in constant jeopardy, and heavy as are the yearly losses on the high seas, the Committee of Lloyd's give not all their care to these things; human life claims their frequent sympathy, and these gentlemen find the time and the will, amidst their many duties, to bestow kindly aid to sufferers of many classes. Not only do they contribute to hospitals for the relief of seamen, and to the maintenance of life-boats along our dangerous coasts, but they extend rewards to such as, at risk to themselves, save, or attempt to save, life from shipwrecks. In some cases money is given, but where that would be unnecessary, or when some more lasting memorial of courageous humanity would be more highly esteemed, a medal is awarded. This is cast in

bronze and silver, and given according to the station in life or degree of merit of each particular case. Since the first award of these medals, in 1837, forty of them have been thus bestowed.

From the sketch attempted to be given, it may be seen of what importance and value is this body of underwriters. How it has grown with the growing wants of the age, and anticipated every new or larger demand upon its energies. How governments and chartered bodies look to it for faithful, early news. How none concerned in commerce can live or thrive without its aid.

Like the human body with its many veins and nerves, it feels the least disturbance in the distant corners of the earth. Not a storm can rage in the wide oceans of the South, without a record at Lloyd's. No hurricane can rush through eastern seas, without a chronicle at Lloyd's. Every gale, every squall, let it be where it may, is felt at Lloyd's. The smallest craft that tempts the mighty seas leaves those at home who track it on its way with anxious, throbbing hearts; and when in some fierce storm it founders far from land, and its lost sailor sinks with bubbling groan, it is not soon forgotten; there are those who, hoping against hope, look long, though vainly, in each coming mail for tidings which will never come; and, when long months have passed, the name is scored from off the books at Lloyd's.

From the United Service Magazine.

WRECKAGE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the vast improvements which have taken place in naval science, in patent capstans, anchors, and cables, in the numerous and brilliant "lights" that illuminate the coast of every civilized country of the globe; in the cut of our sails and rigging; in the manner of fixing buoys and beacons; and though last, not least, in the increase of *temperance* ships, still, in spite of these helps to the compass and the sextant, a return of the loss of ships at sea is a terrible document. In addition to its statistical importance, it also possesses the melancholy, but fascinating interest, that unavailing but courageous efforts always inspire in generous minds, when overwhelmed by an irresistible calamity. The narrative of shipwrecks is generally read with a peculiar interest by an insular people, and we see that in this country this interest has continued unabated from the time when Defoe wrote Robinson Crusoe, to the loss of the Amazon and Birkenhead of the present year. And it appears that we are not likely to lack a supply of this stimulant for the future, for we are now in possession of a register of maritime disaster that, we feel confident, will surprise even those who are most familiar with the dangers of the great deep; and there can be no question about the veracity of the document, for it is compiled from that great catalogue of ships in distress, Lloyd's list. This genuine *blue book* was ordered by the House of Commons, and is called, "A return of all collisions, accidents, and wrecks of vessels, specifying the tonnage of each vessel, and the number of lives lost, since the 1st day of January, 1847, up to the 31st day of December, 1850;" and although it is apparent upon every page, that even as a register it is sufficiently dry and bald, all sentiment being sacrificed to statistics, yet no chapter in Hackluyt contains a more instructive or interesting tale. Its

200 folio pages are filled with short, pithy items like the following:—

| Date. | Vessel. | Tons. | Nature of Accident. | Lives Lost. |
|-------|-----------------------------|-------|---|-------------|
| Jan. | Tom and Jerry, | 400 | On shore on Goose Island, | 4 |
| | Golden Grove, | 150 | Abandoned water-logged, | |
| | Saucy Jack, . . | 95 | On shore on the Mumbles, | 1 |
| | Hand of Providence, | 350 | Sailed from London, and not since heard of. | |
| | Goshawk, . . . | 400 | { Dismasted off Tenedos, | 2 |
| | Good Intent, . . | 105 | { Beached in a hurricane, | |
| | | | { Picked up at sea abandoned, | Crew. |

In this way, column after column appears, until the four years are completed, and its eloquent figures prove that in this period there happened at sea upwards of 12,000 casualties, varying in magnitude, from the shipwreck in the dead of the night, with all its consequent horrors, to a clumsy collision in the channel, and a hasty refit in the nearest port. But to bring the amount of damage done to shipping more within the range of a glance, it is necessary to state, that it would require an accident to occur once within every third hour, during the whole period of the four years, by night as well as by day, to amount to the number recorded in Lloyd's books.

The loss of life can only be guessed at, as it often happens, in reporting a wreck, that the number of the ship's company is not known. The only means of arriving at a near approach to the truth in this respect, is to allow a certain number of hands to a certain tonnage, and by this process a tolerably good guess can be made. According, then, to a certain known scale of manning merchant vessels, giving four men and a boy to every 100 tons, it would seem that the annual loss of life by shipwreck, as reported at Lloyd's, averages about 1250, the gross number for the four years being 4298 souls.

Those who, with this *blue book* in their hand, like to follow the course our commerce takes, may learn its direction, and trace it through all the different channels probed by British industry, and know the exact spots whereon disasters most frequently occur. These things, however, are more readily and more comprehensively known by an analysis of the *book* itself. By this means we bring the losses of our ships and their crews more impressively before the mind's eye; and the impressions thus produced are not only more vivid, but, when seen in the aggregate, they raise just notions of the extent of our annual loss, than when placed before us in detail. The single item of a ship's departure from London, and never being heard of again, fails to arrest the attention so forcibly, as when the mind is startled with the astonishing intelligence that upwards of 200 such departures from various ports within the four years alluded to took place, and the ultimate fate of not one of these vessels has ever been known. How suggestive is this statement of the sufferings of the crews, and the agony of suspense of their relatives at home! Visions of starvation in open boats, upon the hastily-constructed raft, the destitution upon the barren rock, or of captivity amongst savage tribes of men, haunt the imagination, which seeks relief in the hope that the misery of the sailor ended when his ship was lost. But, without dwelling upon this painful subject, we will at once introduce

the analysis, and leave its eloquent items to speak for themselves, only remarking that the totals include those disasters only that happened to be reported to Lloyd's. It is evident, then, that the list, extensive as it is, must be incomplete, and can only be taken as a rough estimate of the powers still left at the disposal of Old Neptune, and which alike bid defiance to science, and the improvements which are constantly taking place in the art of navigation.

Upon analyzing the contents of this remarkable blue book, it appears that the total number of casualties, reported at Lloyd's to have happened to ships and other vessels at sea, during the four years of 1847-8-9 and 1850, amounted to 12,000, and a few odd hundreds. Let us, for the sake of clearness, take them at the round number, and we shall find the means by which this enormous fleet was damaged and destroyed, classified under the following heads:—

| <i>Canvas.</i> | |
|--|--------|
| Driven on shore by stress of weather—in fog—parted from anchors, &c.—Vessels damaged but got off again. Cargoes partially or totally lost, | 5117 |
| Collision, at sea, or in rivers, vessels compelled to run into port in a sinking state, | 2665 |
| Wrecked, | 2295 |
| Sailed and never heard of again, | 204 |
| Abandoned at sea—water-logged—dismasted—on fire—crew taking to boats, &c. | 679 |
| Foundered at sea in consequence of collision—capsizing—leakage—swamping, &c. | 883 |
| Burnt by accident, | 87 |
| Blown up—7 by Coal-dust; 1 by Spontaneous Combustion; 4 by Gas; 1 by Powder, | 13 |
| Burnt by cargoes igniting—11, Coals; 1, Flax; 1, Wool; 3, Cotton, | 16 |
| Damaged by Ice, | 51 |
| Struck by Lightning, | 15 |
| Plundered by Pirates, and destroyed, | 13 |
| Taken possession of by Convicts, and wrecked, | 1 |
| Struck by a Whale and abandoned by crew, | 1 |
| Struck by a Waterspout, | 1 |
| | 12,041 |

The Captain Pasha's Turkish Man-of-war, blew up on the 8th Nov. 1850, when upwards of 1000 lives were lost, not included in the above catalogue.

ACCIDENTS TO COMMERCIAL STEAM VESSELS.

| | <i>Steam.</i> |
|---|---------------|
| Driven ashore, but got off again, | 103 |
| Collision at sea, | 146 |
| Wrecked, | 17 |
| Foundered, | 30 |
| Burnt, | 8 |
| Partly burnt, | 7 |
| Abandoned at sea, | 2 |
| Dismasted, | 2 |
| Capized, | 1 |
| Put into port in a sinking state, | 2 |
| Sunk and raised again, | 5 |
| Supposed to have foundered, | 1 |
| | 324 |

ACCIDENTS TO WAR STEAMERS SINCE THE 1ST OF JANUARY, 1847, UP TO THE 31ST DECEMBER, 1850.

| <i>British.</i> | |
|---|----|
| Collision.—Torch, Mastiff, Sphynx, Salamander, Volcano, Dwarf, Trident, Simoom, | 8 |
| Wrecked.—Avenger, Cuckoo, | 2 |
| On Shore.—Sharpshooter, Arrogant, Stromboli, Medusa, Plumper, Sphinx, | 6 |
| | 16 |

| <i>French.</i> | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| Collision.—Auvergne, | 1 |
| <i>Russian.</i> | |
| On Shore.—Achimedes, | 1 |
| <i>Turkish.</i> | |
| Two Vessels ashore, | 2 |

On one of the chief features in this catalogue of disaster is the consoling fact, that but few accidents have occurred to ships ably manned and commanded. Out of the 12,000 and odd casualties only 65 are recorded against ships above 700 tons. In vessels of that size, and upwards, more care is generally shown in the selection of a crew, and in the appointment of a competent captain. It is to vessels ranging from 90 tons up to 500 tons that nearly all the accidents have occurred. And these are the vessels that are most likely to be weak-handed, badly found, and commanded by men with no other recommendation for filling the responsible office of captain, than being part owner. Such a union of evils affords but a sorry chance of a successful voyage, and we find the consequence of such an alliance in Lloyd's list. Recent experience has proved that educated men turn out better navigators and seamen, and sooner accommodate themselves to the audacity of commercial enterprise, than the bluff and hardy, but too often intemperate captains of the past generation; and if we would compete successfully with our American brethren in the great struggle now going on between us for naval supremacy, we must obtain a class of men to command our merchant ships, capable of acting upon their own judgment, not only when afloat, but who can foresee the wants, the necessities, ay, and even speculate upon the caprices and fluctuations of distant markets. We have, it is true, been endeavoring to remedy the evil arising from the incompetency of too many of the masters of our mercantile navy, by introducing an educational clause into the Mercantile Marine Act. Let us hope that it will have a beneficial effect upon our maritime population, and that under its well-meant provisos a body of intelligent men may grow up, from amongst whom the ship-owner may, for the future, find no difficulty in selecting fit and competent persons for commanders.

Another remarkable feature discernible upon the face of the blue book is the very large number of vessels driven ashore. Making every allowance for faulty anchors, chafed cables, and bad holding ground, foggy nights, and lee shores, still the sum total is startling. Without wishing to be uncharitable, we should like to know what proportion the insured vessels run ashore bear to the uninsured under similar circumstances?

Another important item is the number of vessels abandoned on the high seas, in consequence of being water-logged, on fire, or dismasted by tempests, collision, &c.; the crew, it is presumed, taking to boats and leaving the vessel to her fate. But, perhaps, the most memorable item is that which states the number of vessels that sailed from various ports and were never heard of again. We all remember the sensation created in the public mind when the President steam-ship was overdue a few years back, and that it required months to extinguish hope in some breasts that she would some day return to her port again. But in case that event should have been forgotten, we have, unfortunately, an instance immediately be-

fore us, of the tenacity with which the mind clings to the memory of cherished objects, in the yearning of a nation to know the fate of the gallant Sir John Franklin and his brave companions. Knowing this, how shall we attempt to describe the anxious hopes and fears of the thousands of widows and orphans of the crews of the 204 missing vessels that Lloyd's List assures us sailed from their various ports between the 1st January, 1847, and the 31st December, 1850, and have never been heard of again?

To descend from generals to particulars, it appears that out of the 204 missing vessels, only 59 have the amount of tonnage placed opposite the name of the ship, brig, or schooner, as the case might be, which shows that of these 59 vessels, 15 were between 50 and 100 tons, 14 between 100 and 200 tons, 12 between 200 and 300 tons, 9 between 300 and 400 tons, 3 between 400 and 500 tons, 5 between 500 and 600 tons, and 1 of 700 tons.

The various other items, containing the number of vessels which have foundered at sea after collision, or by swamping, striking upon rocks, &c., seem very large; while the number annually destroyed by fire is less than might have been anticipated, considering the inflammable nature of the materials of which ships as well as their cargoes are often composed. Of those vessels which are burned in consequence of their cargoes igniting, it seems that the great majority of these accidents arose in consequence of the vessels being freighted with coals; and, also, that out of the thirteen vessels *blown up*, seven are attributed to coal-dust, four to gas, one spontaneous combustion, while only one was destroyed by *powder*. These curious statistics also show that more vessels are damaged by ice than by lightning, and that thirteen vessels were in the four years between 1847 and 1850 plundered by pirates and destroyed. The scenes of these depredations were principally confined to the East Indies and Black Sod Bay. Two vessels were, however, pillaged off Erris Head in 1849, and the *Corsyra* was taken possession of by pirates in the Mediterranean as late as the 8th of October, 1850. Upon the whole, however, the safety with which the seas are now traversed in every direction, affords a pleasing contrast to the insecurity with which distant voyages were performed half a century ago, when a run to China, the Pacific, or even the West Indies, was almost certain of being relieved of its monotony by a brush or a chase with some of these roving gentry. The two concluding items in the list of casualties to sailing vessels are curious, and show the various powers man has to contend with at sea. For, if he is fortunate enough to escape shipwreck by rocks and tempests, or being burned or blown up, or destroyed by ice or lightning, or plundered by pirates, there are still left unsuspected means, as little calculated to excite alarm, as the whale or the waterspout, by which he may be in a moment hurried into eternity.

The few accidents to merchant steamers during the same period of four years, proves the comparative safety with which these vessels perform their voyages. And if it is impossible to draw any other than conjectural comparisons between canvas and steam as applied to our mercantile marine, in consequence of the great disparity in the respective numbers of the two classes of vessels; yet, if we take into consideration the repeated trips a steamer makes in the course of a year, when compared with a sailing vessel, we shall find that this

difference is more apparent than real, and tends to bring their numbers more upon an equality.

Admitting, however, that a great superiority in respect to numbers exists on the part of sailing vessels, still the casualties reported to have occurred to steamers appears comparatively trifling, and when Lloyd's List asserts that only 103 of these vessels were reported to have *got on shore* during the multitudinous voyages made by them during four years, we are more than ever confirmed in this opinion. It seems that the greatest number of fatal accidents that happen to steamers arises from their foundering. Thirty of such events happened, while only seventeen were wrecked. It does not appear, however, that a single steamer *blew up* during the whole period of the four years, and that only eight were totally destroyed by fire, and seven partially burned. Of sailing vessels during the same period there were burned and blown up 116, so that, even allowing the advantage of numbers to this class of vessels, there appears less chance of being burned or even blown up in a steamer than when under canvas; and, paradoxical as it may appear, there is more reason to fear being blown up by coals than powder. With respect to the casualties to war steamers, it is presumed that the list is incomplete, and only contains those that were reported to Lloyd's. The same remark applies also to the list in general, which must only be accepted as a rough guess of the losses to be debited in the ledger of Great Britain, and a few other maritime states.

These losses, however, must be tremendous, for, if we take the number of wrecked vessels reported at Lloyd's at 1000 per annum, this would give 4000 for the four years. The tonnage, however, not being marked against every ship, it is impossible to arrive at the dimensions of the vessels wrecked, by which means alone a guess at the money value of the lost ships can be made. To arrive at the exact solution, it would be necessary to ascertain this fact, but that being impossible, conjectural quantities must be taken. Let us then say that these vessels would average 250 tons each, which, perhaps, is taking a medium figure, yet this would return the astonishing number of one million tons of shipping lost in four years. And estimating the cost of building these vessels at £10 per ton, the sum required would be £10,000,000, an amount that seems to warrant that they could not all have been insured, particularly if to this great sum be added the loss of their cargoes, the amount of which must be left to more daring arithmeticians to determine.

And yet this enormous loss goes on year after year, and this country, to which nearly the whole of the wrecked vessels belonged, not only bears it, but, if we may believe statistics, is thriving beyond any kingdom on the earth.

In following the beaten tracks of commerce, as indicated by the wrecks in the blue book, we expected to find certain spots whereon accidents were more than ordinarily common, and naturally looked upon the Goodwin Sands as the great stumbling-block in the way of navigation in our own narrow seas. In order to ascertain its character we applied to Lloyd's List for information, to enable us to judge of the extent of mischief this renowned sand still inflicts upon the shipping interest. It appears then that, during the year 1847, ninety-four disasters of all kinds happened between Dungeness and Gravesend, and that out of this number thirteen were wrecked upon the Goodwin, or about one-seventh of the whole. But when the

enormous amount of ships that sail to and from the port of London as well as from the northern ports is taken into consideration, this will appear but a small amount of wreckage. By another document, also compiled from Lloyd's List, it appears that 364 disasters of all kinds happened between Gravesend and Dungeness, during a period of eighteen months, commencing from the 1st of January, 1849. To account for the great difference between these two returns it must be mentioned, that the latter not only includes total wrecks, vessels driven on shore and got off again, but, also, those ships that required to be supplied with anchors and cables in the Downs, during gales of wind, while the first document contains only wrecks, collisions, and vessels stranded. The average number of vessels wrecked upon the Goodwin, however, by both documents is shown to be fourteen per annum.

This, considering the wide-spread fame for evil these sands have obtained, is a very low estimate, particularly when it is known, that in three separate gales of wind, occurring in 1821, 1824, and 1829, there were wrecked 169 vessels, between the Humber and the river Tees. On the 13th of January, 1843, there happened a memorable gale of wind, which wrecked 87 vessels on the East Coast of England, and in 1846 as many as 40 vessels got ashore in Hartlepool Bay alone; and yet these disasters have not left such an impression behind them, as is often made by a solitary wreck upon the Goodwin Sands. It would seem, indeed, that after speculating upon the manifold causes of the mishaps at sea, whether resulting from violent winds—collision—fire—the incompetency of some captains, the drunkenness of others—mutinous crews—chafed cables and faulty anchors, that there is one idea common to the apprehension of most Englishmen, that equals, if not surpasses them all, and that is, being cast away upon the Goodwin Sands; for in the popular estimation they are an abyss, a ship-swallower, a sandy whirlpool; a maelstrom, that engulphs everything that once touches their brink or comes within the sweep of their vortex. Whereas, in truth, the Goodwin Sands are not the cause of more wrecks than any of the adjacent sands, and it is even doubtful whether it would be better for the navigation of this country if they were removed and the channel left entirely open. For though, as we have shown, it sometimes happens that very distressing catastrophes occur upon them, yet it ought to be at the same time remembered that they form a most convenient break-water to the anchorage of the Downs, and, but for their shelter, ships while passing through these narrow seas would be exposed to all winds. The best argument that can be advanced in proof of the convenience and safety of a roadstead, is that ships run to it for shelter and protection, and in this respect, the Downs, owing to the security afforded by the Goodwin Sands, is the most thronged anchorage in the world. And thus, while it is impossible to avoid regretting the annual loss of life, of ships, and cargoes, upon these sands, still of two evils we must choose the least, and console ourselves with the knowledge, that these losses would in all probability be greatly increased if they were removed. An artificial breakwater would be just as dangerous, and be open to the same objections as the Goodwins, if placed in their position, as a safeguard to the anchorage in the Downs, but no person would question the utility of its being so placed because one vessel in a thousand happened

to run against it, particularly now that every precaution has been taken to indicate its position, with lights, buoys, and beacons.

Another prevalent opinion respecting these sands is, that ships wrecked upon them are almost immediately swallowed up. Nearly every writer has described them as voracious, whereas, the truth is, they are just the reverse; the difficulty seems to be, to penetrate any depth below their surface, unless aided by science, and it was not until Dr. Potts' method of driving piles by atmospheric pressure was discovered, that they were entered to any depth. It is a little surprising how such an idea originated and still continues to be believed, in defiance of repeated demonstrations to the contrary; for it is a matter of history, that the Vanguard, of 90 guns, was, during the last French war, aground there for 19 tides, and was ultimately got off, through the dexterity of the Deal boatmen, with very little damage. Captain Bullock's beacon stood for four years, without sinking an inch, and might have remained until now, but for an accident. Besides, ships of the largest size, after being wrecked, have been observed rolling about upon the Goodwins, until the sea has broken them up, and washed them away piecemeal. Again, Mr. Bush's caisson, although composed of iron, occupies the same position as when abandoned years ago.

A few words will explain why these sands have been considered voracious. In the first place, it depends upon what part of the Goodwin a ship strikes, to say whether she will disappear suddenly or not. We have before observed that the outer edge or eastern part of the sand is in some places as perpendicular as a wall, and in others as steep as the ridge of a house, and against this part of the sand the seas break during strong winds, as if they were beating against a solid rock. Of course the fate of a ship striking against this steep face of sand may be conjectured. She bilges of course, and settles down bodily into deep water, and seems to be swallowed up; and so in fact she is, but not by the sand, but by the sea.

With respect to vessels of small draft of water, the mode of destruction is different. From being of light draft, they naturally strike nearer to the top of the Goodwin, and are in the course of time lifted by the seas higher and higher upon the sand. In this state they are sometimes seen by the Deal boatmen, rolling about, to use their own phrase, like empty barrels, until they are broken up by the heavy battery of the breakers, and scattered like lathwood in every direction.

The fate of the Trinity Beacon confirms this hypothesis. It was placed near the outer edge of the sand, where the Goodwin suddenly shelves away into deep water. After it had been erected some weeks it appeared to be getting lower and lower, and, to superficial observers, seemed to be undergoing the process of being gradually swallowed up. But a closer inspection proved that it was not sinking into the sand, but sliding down it. In this manner it ultimately disappeared, its departure no doubt being somewhat hastened by the great storm in which it made its exit. And perhaps, if it was possible to drain away the water, we should find it on the floor of the ocean, mixed higgledy-piggledy with worm-eaten hulls of ships, rusty anchors, rotten blocks, and drowned tars, like a mighty toy in a gigantic marine store.

It is difficult, however, to divest oneself of the idea, while walking over these sands, that beneath

our feet lies buried unmeasured wealth, and that if we could only dig down deep enough we should glut our eyes with

Visions of fearful wrecks,
Thousands of men that fishes gnaw upon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
Some in dead men's skulls, &c.

Nevertheless, it is pretty certain, if we expected to find a heavy amount of wreckage buried in the Goodwin, that we should be disappointed. But on the eastern side of the sand, at the foot of that steep slope before described, down which it is believed scores of ships have slipped into deep waters, an odd collection of the maritime ventures of all climes and nations might possibly be found; though this statement must be received with caution, for the spot referred to is often trawled over by the Deal and Kingsdown fishermen, and they rarely find anything, nor do they complain of much damage being done to their gear by the foulness of the bottom. It is extremely difficult to say what becomes of a large vessel sunk under such circumstances, and nothing but repeated descents in a diving-bell can settle the question. Indeed, considering the heavy amount of wreckage that has taken place upon these sands for ages past, it has often been the subject of remark, how little has ever been found, and this has fostered the belief that ships and cargoes have been buried in the sand. This, as we have shown, is not likely to be the case, for with the exception of an old piece of ordnance, picked up by the Deal men some years ago, while sweeping for anchors near the Gull stream, very little has ever been recovered from the sea in this quarter.

ETHER AS A MOTIVE POWER.—Some years since, a French civil engineer, M. du Tremblay, invented a method of applying the vapor of ether in combination with steam as a motive power. His method consisted in the employment of steam after it has exerted its elastic force in one cylinder, for the purpose of vaporizing ether to be employed in another cylinder, at the same time condensing the exhausted steam by bringing it into contact with the surface of the generator containing the ether. The mode of its use was either with a single engine with two cylinders, or with two distinct engines having a cylinder each, one of the pistons being worked by steam generated in the ordinary manner, the other by the vapor of ether produced by the following process: Upon the exhausted steam from the steam cylinder being brought into contact with the surface of a vessel charged with ether, a large portion of its caloric is absorbed by the liquid, which thus becomes instantly vaporized; while the steam, by being deprived of its caloric of vapor, becomes condensed, and returns into the boiler, which, by this means, is periodically and regularly supplied. The vapor obtained from the ether by the action of the steam then passes into a second cylinder, and, after exerting its elastic force upon the piston, is itself condensed by means of cold water, and in this form returns into the vaporizer. This invention of M. Du Tremblay attracted the anxious attention of the French government at the time, and commissions were appointed by the French admiralty to examine into its merits and capability. The result of these commissions was that the French government ordered an engine to be built upon M. Du Tremblay's principle. This was accordingly done, and the engine was found to work so admirably, that it was confidently expected its use would realize a saving of at

least fifty per cent. in the expenditure of fuel. A difficulty, however, subsequently arose which had not been anticipated, and this was the highly inflammable character of ether, a quality which rendered it inexpedient to adopt it on board of ship. This difficulty has, however, been removed by the ingenuity of M. La Fond, a French naval officer of high scientific attainments and professional accomplishment, who proposes to make the system of Du Tremblay available for marine purposes by substituting chloroform for ether. The French government has approved of M. La Fond's invention, and, under his direction, two engines, of sixty-horse power, upon this principle, are now in the course of building, and are on the eve of completion. The engines, when completed, are to be put on board the *Galilée*, a man-of-war, constructed expressly for the purpose. The principal advantage promised by this new system of locomotive power, is the great saving of fuel which will be thus attained, and consequently thus extend the sphere of usefulness of the steamer beyond the limits which at present restrict its performance to comparatively short voyages. Another advantage gained, is, of course, the space, which, under the present system, is occupied by coal. In this latter respect, the principle seems to offer especial advantages to the commercial marine. While we write, there are actually in operation several engines constructed upon the principle of M. Du Tremblay, and the French government have, besides the *Galilée*, ordered two vessels to be fitted with engines upon the same principle. —*Steam Navigation Gazette*.

From Household Words

THE PATH OF FAITH.

PERCHANCE thou deemest it is hard
To have no foresight of thy life,
Unwarned, thy doubtful feet to guard
From wandering in the paths of strife;
But though thou hast no prescient sense
Thou hast a watching Providence.

With trustful labor weave the web
Of high emprise and noble need;
Heedless if life should flow or ebb,
Let bravely doing be thy creed;
That Faith will make thee happier far
Than if thou read'st each glistening star.

Should stormy fortune lurk behind
Thy curtailed fate, and darkly loom—
Thank God thou canst not feel the wind,
Nor hear the distant thunder boom;
The tempest, with soft breezes blent,
May, ere it reaches thee, be spent.

Should brilliant sunshine bursting there
Upon thee, sudden and sublime,
Instant reflection of its glare
Might haply blind thee for the time,
By pouring on thy dazzled sight
Rays of intolerable light;

But Faith will nerve thee for the fight
Against misfortune's darkening power;
And flood thy road with tempered light,
Until thou reach, in heaven, that hour
When prescience shall be thine at will—
Prescience of good unmixed with ill.

Two sorts of persons are to be alike avoided—those who offer you an explanation of everything, and those who care not for full explanation of anything.

From Household Words.

SHAWLS.

Is that part of Asia where some of our brave countrymen have penetrated only to die—in that country where Charles Stoddart and his friend Connolly, whose faces will never be forgotten by some of us, and whose voices still sound in our ears, consoled each other through a loathsome imprisonment, and went out together to lose their heads in the market-place of the capital; in that distant and impracticable country of Bokhara, which we are ready to say we will never have any connexion with—there are people always employed in our service. We are not now thinking of the Bokhara clover, which is such a treat to our cows and horses. We owe that, and lucerne, and others of our green crops, to the interior of Asia; but we are thinking of something more elaborate. In Bokhara, the camel is watched while the fine hair on the belly is growing: this fine hair is cut off so carefully that not a fibre is lost; it is put by until there is enough to spin into a yarn, unequalled for softness; and then it is dyed all manner of bright colors, and woven in strips eight inches wide of shawl patterns, such as—with all our pains and cost, with all our Schools of Design and study of nature and art—we are not yet able to rival. These strips are then sewn together so cunningly that no European can discover the joins. The precious merchandise is delivered to traders who receive it on credit. On their return from market they pay the price of the shawls at the Bokhara value, with 30 per cent. interest; or, if they cannot do this, in consequence of having been robbed, or of any other misfortune, they stay away, and are never seen again in their native land.

Where is this market? So far away from home that the traders wear out their clothes during their journey; and their fair skins become as brown as mulattoes. On, on, on they go, day after day, month after month, on their pacing camels, or beside them, over table-lands, mounting one above another; over grass, among rocks, over sand, through snows; now chilled to the marrow by icy winds; now scorched by sunshine, from which there is no shelter but the flat cotton caps, with which they thatch their bare crowns: on, on, for fifteen thousand miles, to the borders of Russia, to sell the shawls which are to hang on ladies' shoulders in Hyde Park, and where beauties most do congregate in Paris and Vienna.

The passion for shawls among all women everywhere is remarkable. In one country, the shawl may flow from the head, like a veil; in another, it hangs from the shoulders; in another, it is knotted round the loins as a sash; in yet another, it is swathed round the body as a petticoat. Wherever worn at all, it is the pet article of dress. From a time remote beyond computation, the sheep of Cashmere have been cherished on their hills, and the goats of Thibet on their plains, and the camels of Tartary on their steppes, to furnish material for the choicest shawls. From time immemorial, the patterns which we know so well have been handed down as a half-sacred tradition through a Hindoo ancestry, which puts even Welsh pedigrees to shame. For thousands of years have the bright dyes, which are the despair of our science and art, been glittering in Indian looms, in those primitive pits under the palm-tree where the whimsical patterns grow, like the wild flower springing from the soil. For thousands of years have Eastern poten-

tates made presents of shawls to distinguished strangers, together with diamonds and pearls.

At this day, when an Eastern prince sends gifts to European sovereigns, there are shawls, to the value of thousands of pounds, together with jewels, perfumes, and wild beasts, and valuable horses; just as was done in the days of the Pharaohs, as the paintings on Egyptian tombs show us at this day. And the subjects of sovereigns have as much liking for shawls as any queen. At the Russian Court, the ladies judge one another by their shawls as by their diamonds. In France, the bridegroom wins favor by a judicious gift of this kind. In Cairo and Damascus, the gift of a shawl will cause almost as much heart-burning in the harem as the introduction of a new wife. In England, the daughter of the house spends the whole of her first quarter's allowance in the purchase of a shawl. The Paris grisette, and the London dressmaker go to their work with the little shawl pinned neatly at the waist. The lost gin-drinker covers her rags with the remnants of the shawl of better days. The farmer's daughter buys a white cotton shawl, with a gay border, for her wedding; and it washes and dyes until, having wrapped all her babies in turn, it is finally dyed black to signalize her widowhood. The maiden-aunt, growing elderly, takes to wearing a shawl in the house in mid-winter; and the granny would no more think of going without it at any season than without her cap. When son or grandson comes home from travel, far or near, his present is a new shawl, which she puts on with deep consideration; parting with the old one with a sigh. The Manchester or Birmingham factory girl buys a gay shawl on credit, wears it on Sunday, puts it in pawn on Monday morning, and takes it out again on Saturday night, for another Sunday's wear, and so on, until she has wasted money that would have bought her a good wardrobe. Thus, from China round the world to Oregon, and from the queen down to the pauper, is the shawl the symbol of woman's taste and condition. Whence come all these shawls? For it is clear that the supply which arrives from Asia over bleak continents and wide oceans, can be only for the rich and great. Some of the shawls from Bokhara sell, in the market on the Russian frontier, for two thousand four hundred pounds each. Whence come the hundred thousand shawls that the women of Great Britain purchase every year?

Some of the richest that our ladies wear are from Lyons; and the French taste is so highly esteemed that our principal manufacturers go to Lyons once or twice a year, for specimens and patterns. Some of our greatest ladies of all, even the queen and certain duchesses and countesses, offer to our chief manufacturers a sight of their treasures from India, their Cashmeres, and other shawls, from a patriotic desire for the improvement of our English patterns. From these, the manufacturers of Norwich and Paisley devise such beautiful things that, but for the unaccountable and unrivalled superiority of the Orientals in the production of this particular article, we should be all satisfaction and admiration. The common cotton shawls, continually lessening in number, worn by women of the working-classes, are made at Manchester, and wherever the cotton manufacture is instituted. In order to study the production of British shawls in perfection, one should visit the Norwich or Paisley manufactories.

If any article of dress could be immutable, it would be the shawl; designed for eternity in the

unchanging East; copied from patterns which are the heirloom of a caste, and woven by fatalists, to be worn by adorners of the ancient garment, who resent the idea of the smallest change. Yet has the day arrived which exhibits the manufacture of three distinct kinds of shawls in Paisley. There is the genuine woven shawl, with its Asiatic patterns; and there is that which is called a shawl for convenience, but which has nothing Asiatic about it; the tartan—which name is given not only to the checks of divers colors which signify so much to the Scottish eye, but to any kind of mixed or mottled colors and fabric—woven in squares or lengths to cover the shoulders. The third kind is quite modern; the showy, slight and elegant printed shawl, derived from Lyons, and now daily rising in favor. The woven kind is the oldest in Paisley. The tartan kind was introduced from Stirlingshire—without injury to Stirlingshire—which makes as many as ever, but to the great benefit of Paisley. The printed kind has been made about six years; and it is by far the greatest and most expanding manufacture. The most devoted worshippers of the genuine shawl can hardly wonder at this, considering the love of change that is inherent in ladies who dress well, and the difference of cost. A genuine shawl lasts a quarter of a lifetime. Ordinary purchasers give from one pound to ten pounds for one, and can give more if they desire a very superior shawl; a process which it is not convenient to repeat every two or three years. The handsomest printed shawls, meantime, can be had for two pounds, and they will last two years; by the end of which time, probably, the wearer has a mind for something new. The time required for the production answers pretty accurately to these circumstances. It takes a week to weave a shawl of the genuine sort; in the same time ten or twelve of the tartan or plaid, and twenty or thirty of the printed can be produced.

The processes employed for these three kinds of shawls are wholly different; and we will therefore look at them separately, though we saw them, in fact, under the same roof. As for the tartan shawls, there is no need to enlarge upon them, as their production is much like that of any other kind of variegated cloth. We need mention only one fact in regard to them, which is, however, very noticeable; the recent invention of a machine by which vast time and labor are saved. As we all know, the fringes of cloth shawls are twisted—some threads being twisted together in one direction, and then two of these twists being twisted in the opposite direction. Till a month ago this work was done by girls, in not the pleasantest way, either to themselves or the purchaser, by their wetting their hands from their own mouths, and twisting the threads between their palms. The machine does, in a second of time, the work of fourteen pairs of hands; that is, as two girls attend it, there is a saving of twelve pairs of hands and some portion of time, and the work is done with thorough certainty and perfection; whereas, under the old method, for one girl who could do the work well, there might be several who did it indifferently or ill. The machine, invented by Mr. Hutchison, must be seen to be understood; for there is no giving an idea, by description, of the nicety with which the brass tongues rise to lift up the threads and to twist them; then throw them together, and rub them against the leather-covered shafts, which, instead of human palms, twist them in the opposite direction. In seeing this

machine the old amazement recurs at the size, complication, and dignity of an instrument contrived for so simple a purpose. The dignity, however, resides not in the magnitude of the office, but in the saving of time and human labor.

Of the other two kinds of shawls, which shall we look at first? Let it be the true and venerable woven shawl.

The wool is Australian or German—chiefly Australian. It comes, in the form of yarn, from Bradford, in hanks which are anything but white, so that they have first to be washed. Of the washing, dyeing, and warping we need not speak, as they are much the same to the observer's and therefore to the reader's eye, as the preparation of yarns for carpets in Kendal, and of silk for ribbons in Coventry. While the washing and drying, and the dyeing and drying again are proceeding, the higher labor of preparing the pattern is advancing.

But how much of the lower kind of work can be done during the slow elaboration of the higher! It really requires some patience and fortitude even to witness the mighty task of composing and preparing the pattern of an elaborate shawl. Let the reader study any three square inches of a good shawl border; let the threads be counted, and the colors, and the twists and turnings of the pattern; and then let it be remembered that the general form has to be invented, and the subdivisions, and the details within each form, and the filling up of the spaces between, and the colors—as a whole, and in each particular; and that, before the material can be arranged for the weaving, every separate stitch (so to speak) must be painted down on paper in its right place. Is it not bewildering to think of? Much more bewildering and imposing is it to see. As for the first sketch of the design, that is all very pretty; and, the strain on the faculties not being cognizable by the stranger, is easy enough. There goes the artist-pencil—tracing waving lines and elegant forms, giving no more notion of the operations within than the hands of a clock do of the complication of the works. Formerly, the employers put two or three good foreign patterns into the artists' hands, and said, "Make a new pattern out of these." Now that we have Schools of Design, and more accessible specimens of art, the direction is given without the aids. "Make a new pattern;" and the artist sits down with nothing before him but pencil and paper—unless, indeed, he finds aids for himself in wild flowers, and other such instructors in beauty of form and color. By degrees, the different parts of the pattern shape themselves out, and combine—the centre groups with the ends, and the ends grow out into the sides with a natural and graceful transition. Then the portions, properly outlined, are delivered to the colorers; who cover the drawing with oiled paper, and begin to paint. It would not do to color the outlined drawing, because there are no outlines in the woven fabric. It is dazzling only to look upon. Much less minute is the transferring to the dyed paper which is the real working pattern. The separate portions of the finished pattern of a single shawl, when laid on the floor, would cover the carpet of a large drawing-room. The taking down such a pattern upon paper occupies four months.

The weaving is done either by "lashing," or from Jacquard cards. The Jacquard loom answers for the eternal patterns, and the "lashing" method suffices for those which are not likely to be repeated. The man seated at the "piano-machine," playing

on a sort of keys, from the colored patterns stuck up before his eyes, is punching the Jacquard cards, which are then transferred, in their order, to the lacing-machine, where they are strung together by boys into that series which is to operate upon the warp in the weaving, lifting up the right threads for the shuttle to pass under to form the pattern, as in other more familiar manufactures. The "lashing" is read off from the pattern, too, in the same way as with carpet patterns at Kendal; so many threads being taken up and interlaced with twine for a red stitch, and then so many more for a green, and so on. Boys then fasten each symbol of a hue to a netting of whipcord, by that tail of the netting which, by its knots, signifies that particular hue; so that, when the weaving comes to be done, the boy, pulling the symbolic cord, raises the threads of the warp—green, blue, or other,—which are required for that throw of the shuttle. Thus the work is really all done beforehand, except the mere putting together of the threads; done, moreover, by anybody but the weaver, who is, to say the truth, a mere shuttle-throwing machine. The poor man does not even see and know what he is doing. The wrong side of the shawl is uppermost; and not even such a wrong side as we see, which gives some notion of the pattern on the other. Previous to cutting, the wrong side of a shawl is a loose surface of floating threads of all colors; of the threads, in fact, which are thrown out of the pattern, and destined to be cut away and given to the paper-makers to make coarse gray paper. One pities the weaver, who sits all day long throwing the shuttle, while the boy at the end of his loom pulls the cords which make the pattern, and throw up nothing but refuse to the eye. He has not even the relief of stopping to roll up what he has done; for a little machine is now attached to his loom, which saves the necessity of stopping for any such purpose. It is called "the up-taking motion." By it a few little cog-wheels are set to turn one another, and, finally, the roller, on which the woven fabric is wound as finished.

The bundles of weaving-strings and netting, which regulate the pattern, are called "flowers." From the quantity of labor and skill wrought up in their arrangement, they are very valuable. A pile of them, on a small table, were, as we were assured, worth one thousand pounds. We may regard each as the soul or spirit of the shawl,—not creating its material, but animating it with character, personality, and beauty. We have said that it takes a man a week to weave a shawl; but this means a "long" shawl, and not a "square." The square remain our favorites; but the female world does not seem to be of our mind. It is true the symmetry of the pattern is spoiled when the white centre hangs over one shoulder. It is true, the "longs" are heavy and very warm, from being twice doubled. But they have one advantage which ladies hold to compensate for those difficulties; they can be folded to any size, and therefore to suit any figure—tall or short, stout or thin. We are assured that, for one square shawl that is sold, there are a hundred "longs."

A capital machine now intervenes, with its labor-saving power; this time, of French invention. Formerly, it took two girls a whole day to cut off the refuse threads from the back of a shawl. But this machine, superintended by a man, does it in a minute and a half. A horizontal blade is traversed by spiral blades fixed on a cylinder, the revolving of which gives to the blades the

action of a pair of scissors. The man's office is to put in the shawl, set the machine going, and to beat down the refuse as fast as it is cut off.

The upper surface of the shawl remains somewhat rough—rough enough to become soon a rather dirty article of dress, from the dust which it would catch up and retain. It is therefore smoothed by singeing. This very offensive process is performed by a man who must have gone through a severe discipline before he could endure his business. He heats his iron (which is like a very large, heavy knife, turned up at the end) red-hot, spreads the shawl on a table rather larger than itself, and passes the red-hot iron over the surface, with an even and not very rapid movement. What would that Egyptian dragoman have said, who, being asked to iron out an English clergyman's white ducks, burned off the right leg with the first touch of his box-iron? That box-iron was not red-hot, nor anything like it; yet there is no such destruction here. There is only the brown dust fizzing. Pah! that's enough! let us go somewhere else.

In a light, upper room, women and girls are at work, sitting on low stools, each with a shawl stretched tightly over her knees. Some of these are darning, with the utmost nicety, any cracks, thin place, or "faults" in the fabric; darning each in its exact color. Some are putting silk fringes upon the printed shawls, tacking them in with a needle, measuring each length by eye and touch, and then knotting, or, as it is called, "netting" the lengths by cross-ties. One diminutive girl of nearly ten, is doing this with wonderful quickness, as she sits by her mother's knee. The girls do not come to work before this age; nor the boys before twelve. In other rooms, women are seated at tables, or leaning over them, twisting the fringes of plaid shawls, or picking out knots and blemishes with pincers, and brushing all clean, and then folding them, with sheets of stiff pasteboard between, ready for the final pressure in the hydraulic press, which makes them fit for the shop.

The fabric for the printed shawls is light and thin, in comparison with the woven. The thinness is various; from the *barégo* to the lightest gossamer that will bear the pressure of the block. The whole importance of the production consists in the printing; for the fabric is simple and common enough. A man can weave ten yards per day of the *barégo*; and the silk gauze, striped or plain, requires no particular remark.

The designing is done with the same pains and care as for the genuine shawl, but the range of subjects is larger. While something of the Oriental character of the shawl patterns must be preserved, much of the beauty of French figured silks and brocades and embroidery may be admitted. Thus the designing and coloring-rooms contain much that pleases the eye, though one does not see there the means and appliances which fill some apartment or other of Birmingham factories—the casts from the antique, the volumes of plates, the flower in water, and so on. The preparation of the blocks for printing, and, yet more, the application of them, reminded us of the paper-staining, which we had certainly never thought of before in connexion with shawls. The wood used is lime-wood. Some of the blocks are chiselled and picked out, like those of the paper-stainer. The cast-blocks are more curious. A punch is used, the point or needle of which is kept hot by a flame, from which the workman's head is defended by a shield of metal. He burns holes by puncturing with this

hot needle along all the outlines of the block he holds in his hands, much as a little child pricks outlines on paper on a horse-hair chair-bottom. There is a groove along the face of each block, to allow the metal to run in. The burned blocks are screwed tight in a press, their joined tops forming a saucer, into which the molten metal (composed of tin, bismuth and lead) is poured. In it goes, and down the grooves, penetrating into all the burnt holes; and, of course, when cool, furnishing a cast of the patterns desired, in the form of upright thorns or spikes on a metallic ground or plate. These plates are filed smooth at the back, and fixed on wood, and you have the blocks ready to print from; one representing one color, another another, and so on, till the plates for a single shawl of many colors may mount up in value to a very large sum.

Before printing, the fabric has been well washed; the *barége* being passed, by machinery, over cylinders which apply and squeeze out a wash of soap, soda and glue. All roughnesses had previously been removed by a "cropping" machine. After drying, it comes to the printing-table, where it is treated much like a paper-hanging. This is all very well; but what is to be done in case of a shower of rain! a not improbable incident in the life of a shawl. A paper-hanging would not stand a driving rain. Are ladies imposed upon in this matter, when they are offered a gay-printed shawl as wearable out of doors? By no means. Nobody knows how it is, but the fact is certain, that a good steaming, at a tremendous heat, fixes the colors by some chemical action, without in the least hurting their lustre; so the shawls go into the steaming-box, and come out of it able to bear as many washings as you please, without any change of color. After drying, in a heat of one hundred and ten degrees, they go upstairs to be surveyed, fringed, folded and pressed.

It seems a pity that the fat, easy, lazy Bokharian, and the slim, lithe, patient Hindoo, should not come to Paisley, and see how shawls are made there. To the one, shaving his camel on the plain, and the other, throwing his antique shuttle under the palm, how strange would be the noise, and the stench, and the speed, and the numbers employed, and the amount of production! To the one, it may be the work of years to furnish to the travelling merchant strips of eight inches wide, enough to make a shawl; and, to the other, the production of such an article is an event in life; while here, at Paisley, if the pattern requires months, the weaving of the most genuine and venerable kind occupies only a week. We do not believe that the simple and patient Oriental will be driven out of the market by us, because there is no promise, at present, of our overtaking their excellence. We hope there will be room in the world of fashion for them and us forever—(the "forever" of that world.) We shall not go back to their methods, and it is not very likely that they should come up to ours; so we shall probably each go on in our own way, which is what everybody likes best.

From the Times, 9th Sept.

NATIONAL RETRIBUTION.

It is a fearful, but at the same time an encouraging reflection, that the destiny of a nation is left by the order of Providence in a great measure in its own hands. If it is to fall, its own vices and weaknesses are selected as the means of punishment; if to rise, its virtues are the wings to bear it aloft

and enable it to fulfil its glorious destiny. There is but one power which is to conciliate the apparent contradiction of individual free will and providential direction, and into the hands of that power the destinies of nations are committed. If Poland be divided and annihilated, her own divisions gave the signal to the spoiler, and suggested the partition under which she fell. If Italy groans under a grievous and degrading yoke, it is because she omitted to cultivate the manly virtues which make men free and valiant, and abandoned herself to the miserable discord and jealousy which have placed twenty-four millions of Italians at the feet of 100,000 strangers; and Ireland, whose orators and writers, whose clergy and laity, rack their ingenuity in perpetually devising new solutions of the problem presented by her misery and poverty,—is not Ireland, more manifestly than any other country in the world, the author of her own misfortunes, the architect of her own ruin!

To men familiar with the vast exuberance of capital in this country it must appear almost incredible that so small a portion of our superabundance finds its way across the Channel. While the smallest and most uncertain gains among nations of the most doubtful faith and unstable independence are eagerly sought for by British capital, it is an undeniable fact that there are very few countries in the world which have not received more of the overflow of British prosperity than Ireland. While we have lent 150,000,000*l.* to the faithless government of Spain, have covered with roads and railways the repudiating States of North America, are deep in the mysteries of Mexican finance, and profound in the secrets of Peruvian and Chilian bonds, we pass by a beautiful and fertile island close at our doors, and leave its resources undeveloped by the capital we so lavishly squander elsewhere. The reason is only too clear;—we have to deal with a nation of homicides, a nation whose feet are swift to shed innocent blood, but slow and lingering when called on to avenge the crime. Property we may lose elsewhere, and lose without much repining, for the gains of one place compensate for the losses of another; but a man's life is a venture which cannot be apportioned or divided; he sets it all on one cast when he runs into danger, and nowhere does that danger meet him in so fearful and repulsive a form as in Ireland. Men will, for a very small reward, or even for sport, face the open dangers of the field; but to see in every wall a fortress for the lurking assassin, in every coppice an ambuscade, in every peasant a murderer or an accomplice, and to know that from these things you are protected by no innocence of life, by no courtesy of demeanor, by no liberality, by no justice, by no mercy, by no sacrifice, by no popularity, and that these endearing qualities often attract the blow by rendering the vengeance of the secret tribunal more signal and more inscrutable, is a trial which shakes the nerves of the boldest, and renders men ready to brave anything anywhere rather than wither under the feverish and agonizing anxieties of a life in the disturbed districts of Ireland. The abstinence from murder is the first condition of the reorganization of Irish society. It is not much we ask, but, little as it is, it cannot be granted. The priests continue to stir up the fierce passions of the peasantry, the peasantry unite in a vast conspiracy against those on whose capital they depend for bread, and, when they slay those who feed them, they wonder that they are fed no more. The prophets prophesy falsely, and the people love

to have it so; and therefore to prophets and to people no other refuge is left, save to fly from a land which they drag down with them by their follies and their crimes.

The recent murder of Mr. O'Callaghan Ryan, which has suggested these remarks, seems to have been an ordinary affair, neither rising much above nor sinking much below the usual level of Irish agrarian atrocity. The unfortunate gentleman was, as appears very usual on these occasions, a person of popular manners, much kindness of heart, and held in high and well-deserved estimation. Such a victim was peculiarly calculated to strike terror. The cause also was, as usual, the determination to retain possession of land. Mr. Ryan had been on a visit of conciliation to some troublesome tenants, against whom he was unwilling to proceed to extremities. On his return he suddenly received a shot in his side, fell from his horse, was dragged off the road, and had his skull literally beaten to pieces by the assassins with large stones and a hatchet. Two men are in custody on suspicion.

The tragedy is so trite, the details so ordinary and well understood, that we almost owe our readers an apology for dwelling on the well-known and universally recognized features of Irish crime. Whether it be Mr. Bateson, Mr. Mauleverer, or Mr. Ryan, the details are almost identical, and no harder task could be devised for the memory than retaining distinctly for any considerable time the details of several Irish murders. It is exactly this which is so awful and so hopeless. In other lands murder is the result of individual temperament. A monster arises—a Rush, or a Manning, an Elissabide, or a Papavoine—marked out by strong and sharply defined peculiarities from the rest of the human race, and dips his hands in innocent blood; but in Ireland murder is a pursuit, a habit, almost an institution. A book of practice describing the action of ejectment would hardly be perfect which did not note the particular period at which the suit is most frequently abated by the murder of the lessor or the plaintiff. While the one is preparing his case the other is loading his blunderbuss, and the issue is removed from the courts of law to the lonely coppice, the secluded by-path, or the deserted stone-quarry.

So long as these things continue—and there is no prospect that they will speedily come to an end—so long as the priests shall testify their sympathy if not their open approbation of deeds such as these, philanthropy may preach and Parliament may legislate, but Ireland will remain a field of blood, a land to be avoided by all those whom imperious necessity has not chained to her blighted soil. The crimes of the nation most justly become its punishment; it makes a common cause with the murderer, and vengeance does not fall on the murderer alone, but is shared by the whole land which he contaminates by his crime. It is a scourge wielded by their own bloody hand, which is driving this people forth to expiate in eternal exile the crimes and the sympathy with crime that turn from their shores all who would aid or relieve them. It is left to them to execute vengeance on themselves, and they are doing it completely. Until this curse be rooted out there is no solid prosperity for Ireland. Gleams of hope there may occasionally be,—for who can help hoping for the future of a country so richly endowed by nature?—but solid prosperity there can be none till a man feels that his

life as well as his money will be safe on Irish ground. All that a man has will he give in exchange for his life, and little will broad estates or well-paid rent-rolls avail him if his steps are dogged by murder and his thoughts disturbed by the reasonable apprehension of sudden and violent death.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.—The following description of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer is given by N. P. Willis in his *Pencilings by the Way*. The parties met at a dinner given by Lady Blessington:—"Disraeli had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window, looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, rather a conspicuous object. Disraeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw; he is lividly pale, and but for the energy of his action, and the strength of his lungs, would seem a victim to consumption. His eye is black as Erebus, and has the most mocking and lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a particularly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of a Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats; a thick heavy mass of jet black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously

With thy incomparable oil, Macassar.

Disraeli was the only one at table who knew him (Beckford), and the style in which he gave a sketch of his habits and manners was worthy of himself. I might as well attempt to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of the extraordinary language in which he clothed his description. There were, at least, five words in every sentence that must have been very much astonished at the use they were put to, and yet no others, apparently, could so well have conveyed his idea. He talked like a racehorse approaching the winning-post—every muscle in action, and the utmost energy of expression flung out in every burst. It is a great pity he is not in Parliament. I have been told that he stood once for a London borough; a coarse fellow came up at the hustings, and said to him, 'I should like to know on what ground you stand here, sir?' 'On my head, sir,' answered Disraeli. The populace had not read *Vivian Grey*, however, and he lost his election."

ON LOVING.—The more tenderly and warmly one loves, so much more does he discover in himself defects rather than charms, that render him not worthy of the beloved. Thus are our little faults first made known to us, when we have ascended the higher steps of religion. The more we satisfy the demands of conscience the stronger they become. Love and religion are here like the sun. By mere daylight and torchlight, the air of the apartment is pure and undisturbed by a single particle; but let in a sunbeam, and how much dust and motes are hovering about!—*J. P. Richter.*

From Household Words.

THE PRESENT HOLLOW TIME.

The golden age, whensoever it may have had existence on the face of the earth, was an age of solid gold, there is no kind of doubt. It has been observed by innumerable philosophers and moralists—sometimes a little disappointed or misplaced, may-be, but sound sages and impartial judges none the less—that every succeeding age, in its turn, has been hollow. The last has always been the hollowest. We must admit of the present time that it is a very hollow time indeed, though not a worse time than another, perhaps, in the sage and moral sense aforesaid.

It is an undoubted and an instructive fact that hollowness now plays an important part in engineers' and mechanical constructions; and that it is one mode of carrying out a vast economy of materials. A sheet of iron and a few rivets now perform the duty of ponderous castings or huge erections of brick, or stone, or timber. A beam of timber or a mass of iron may be treacherous within-side, owing to some inequality of structure which escapes the eye of the workman; and in such case the interior portion is not merely useless; it is a positive burden and incumbrance, a delusion and a snare, an income-tax of a very annoying kind, a bottomless pit in which the pay-master loses his money and the engineer loses his temper; it renders no service itself, and prevents the sounder portions from rendering their service. It is, on the contrary, one of the characteristics of the plate-and-rivet system (if we may coin a phrase to designate it), that there is no waste material, no neglected material, no material so far beneath the surface as to escape its due share of preparation and annealing. None of the iron particles—like individuals in an Exeter Hall chorus of seven hundred—can hide their defects by being buried among a mass of others; they are all brought near the front row, and must bear a fair amount of scrutiny.

If we watch the making of these plates or these rivets, we shall soon see that the iron passes through an ordeal which must greatly toughen and strengthen it. The molten iron, liberated from its stony companions by the heat of the blast furnace, flows in a golden stream from an aperture in the lower part of the furnace, and fills up a series of channels in the sandy floor of the foundry—a big channel being the sow, and sundry little channels the pigs. These pigs, when cold, form oblong masses of crude, brittle, and very imperfect iron, quite unfitted in this state for any engineering or mechanical purposes; they are refined in one furnace and puddled in another, to effect certain changes in the iron; the iron, in masses of sixty or seventy pounds, receives a few mighty thumps from a shingling hammer weighing five or six tons; then it is pressed between enormous rollers, then heated again, and then rolled again to its proper thickness as sheet-iron. Like as dough becomes toughened by good kneading, does the iron become toughened by these repeated meltings and beatings, and rollings and pressings. And the rivets, too, share this quality with the sheets, for they are formed of bar-iron or rod-iron, which has undergone a similar course of treatment.

The well-kneaded sheets and rivets, as we have said, take part, in a remarkable degree, in modern engineering. Steam-engine boilers and steam-vessel funnels are examples familiar to every one.

The sheets are cut to the proper sizes by shears of most irresistible persuasion, which sever the material as effectually and as quietly as the clasp-knife of the coalheaver severs his bread and cheese into coalheaver's mouthfuls; another machine punches rivet holes around the margin of each sheet, quickly and cleanly; and a third machine cuts off pieces from a rod of iron to form tough and sturdy little rivets. Then, in order that the flat sheets may acquire a curvature similar to that of a boiler or a funnel, they are hammered on an anvil, a gauge or pattern being used to prevent the iron from over-leaping the bounds of propriety, and acquiring too great a convexity. And now comes the riveting. The riveter has a boy at his elbow, which boy is commander-in-chief over a small portable forge; the edges of two sheets are lapped one over another, a rivet is made hot, it is put through the coinciding holes in the two plates, and two men batter away at the two ends of the rivet with huge hammers, until the spreading ends of the rivet bind with intense pressure the two plates together. Thus does the iron cool, and thus do the rivets succeed each other, and thus is a boiler or a funnel built up. It is hollow, but it is, nevertheless, strong.

As a rule, keep at least half a mile away from a boiler factory; for, of all the wild and bewildered noises presented by industrial art, nothing approaches in intensity that which results from thousands of rivets being hammered by dozens of lusty arms, day after day. And yet (as extremes meet) we would really suggest a visit to a boiler factory to see what our Fairbairns and our Garfords of the busy north have done towards the silencing of this hullabaloo. Many may recollect the two riveting machines which found a place in the Great Exhibition, but which, unfortunately, could not be shown in action; the rivets are not hammered, but the two ends are treated with such a loving embrace as effectually to bind the rivet and the two plates together. There is a lesson also in the philosophy of "strikes" afforded by these machines. Mr. Fairbairn, in the Official Illustrated Catalogue, gives us this bit of information: "The invention of the riveting machine originated in a 'turnout' of the boiler-makers in the employ of the exhibitor about fifteen years ago. On that occasion the attempt was made to rivet two plates together by compressing the red hot rivets in the ordinary punching press. The success of the experiment immediately led to the construction of the original machine." Improvements suggested themselves from time to time, until, about eight years ago, the present riveting-machine was brought to a state of great efficiency. "The machine effects by almost instantaneous pressure what is performed in the ordinary mode by a long series of impacts. The machine fixes in the firmest manner eight three-quarter-inch rivets in a minute." And what is more, the process is a sober, quiet one, and the riveting is said to be better effected than by the hammer.

It is to the humble plate-and-rivet that we owe the magnificent Britannia tubular bridge—beautiful in an engineering, though not in an æsthetic sense. The difficulties which pressed upon Robert Stephenson in his attempt to carry the Chester and Holyhead Railway over the Menai Straits, have become notorious. He was required to make a bridge flat at the bottom, and rigid enough to support railway trains with very little flexure. At the point chosen the length of the whole bridge is one thousand

three hundred and fifty feet, or thereabouts; but the fortunate existence of the Britannia rock in the middle of the stream, causes the entire width of the water there, nine hundred feet and upwards, to be divided into two spans of about four hundred and fifty feet each. These distances were required to be kept open throughout their whole length, so that vessels of large size might pass everywhere under the bridge, the bottom part of which was to be one hundred feet, at least, above high-water mark. These rigorous conditions were a sore puzzle to the engineer; and, after all other kinds of bridge were considered and abandoned, the plate-and-rivet principle was thought of. Then occurred the remarkable experiments of Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Hodgkinson, and the wonderful proofs of strength which such construction afforded—sixty-nine thousand six hundred and sixty-four pounds of pulling force required to separate plates kept together by a half-inch rivet! Then came the cutting up of nearly six thousand tons of iron into plates, and seven hundred tons of bars into rivets, and the fitting of eighty miles of angle-iron, and the punching of seven million holes for rivets and bolts, and the gradual building up of these enormous tubes. Let it be regarded as a wonderful evidence of economy of materials, of strength produced by judicious arrangement, that this bridge, with its half-inch walls (the plates are seven-sixteenths to three-quarters of an inch in thickness), requires no chains to hold it up, and scarcely yields either to railway trains or to hurricanes of wind. The present is, indeed, a very hollow time; but what a triumph is this hollowness when considered (as it ought to be) in connection with strength and efficiency.

This tubular bridge, this Menai marvel, has produced mighty results in the few short years which it has yet lived. Engineers and machinists are becoming quite tubularly inclined; cast-iron is at a discount, and plate-and-rivet is above par. Iron is used in bridges in various ways. In the simple cast-iron arch there are often difficulties as to the height of the water-way beneath; in the simple cast-iron girder, the difficulty of casting and the weight in handling give a limit of something like fifty or sixty feet to the length attainable; in the built-up girder, formed of separate castings fitted closely at the joints and bolted together, bridges of a hundred and twenty feet long have been obtained; in the trussed girder there are separate castings strengthened by tension rods, but the union of cast-iron with wrought-iron is seldom a happy one. They cannot agree, and disastrous family jars often result. They cannot expand and contract equally, and thus (as is supposed) originated the disastrous fall of the Dee bridge a few years ago. In the bow-striking girder, with a roadway suspended from an iron arch, there has been found an efficient principle for many recently built bridges. But the tubular bridge differs from all these in the simplicity of its construction, and the profitable way in which every ounce of iron renders its due service. Mr. Fairbairn's experiments led to his being invited to make two tubular bridges for the Bolton and Blackburn railway, of about seventy feet span; and the excellence and cheapness of these bridges have had their wonted effect. A cockney may see how ugly these girder bridges may be made, in the examples furnished by the railway which rejoices in the ample name of "The London and Birmingham and East and West India Dock Junction;" but as

there is no good reason why that which is statically beautiful should be æsthetically ugly, we may yet hope to see graceful forms here married to structural efficiency.

The route across North Wales has afforded us the first example of this tubular plate-and-rivet system of bridge-building; but let us not forget that the route to South Wales has just furnished another, comprising a double application of this singular principle. When the South Wales Railway was about to be carried over the Wye, the tremendous tide of that river at Chepstow (sixty feet difference of level between high and low water!) puzzled the engineer exceedingly, and led him to adopt a strange form of bridge, in which one-half is supported and the other half suspended. The bridge itself belongs to the plate-and-rivet genus; and the suspended portion hangs from enormous tubes, which are themselves plate-and-rivet. Each tube is above three hundred feet long, by nine feet in diameter; it is circular in section, and was built up on shore of plates and rivets. The hoisting of the first of these tubes, in April, 1852, was a great work. The traveller over this unique bridge has rivets above him, rivets around him, rivets beneath him; he would be riveted to the spot, if he were not whizzed away by the train.

The plate-and-rivet bears its honors proudly in our noble iron steamers, and in nothing does the system display itself more remarkably. Is it not noteworthy, for instance, that the Great Britain, which bore its rude fate so bravely on the Irish coast, and which is now going to show its iron sides among the Australians, should be built up of sheet-iron, much in the same way as a boiler or a funnel? An iron keel, six inches deep by three in width, will suffice for a ship of a thousand tons' burden; the ribs, analogous to the futtocks of a timber ship, are often smaller and less heavy per yard than ordinary rails for railways; and the sheets of iron are cut and punched and bent and riveted with an ease which shows that the thickness is to be measured, not by inches, but by eighths of an inch.

The hollowness of the present time is well illustrated by certain lighthouses; built to bear the bluff attacks of wind and rain. A few years ago, Mr. Gordon constructed an iron lighthouse on a lagoon in Jamaica; where, owing to local difficulties, it was computed that a tower of masonry could not have been constructed for less than twenty thousand pounds, or in a less period than six years, with the almost inevitable loss of many lives. Mr. Gordon designed an iron tower, formed on the model of the round towers of Ireland; in eight months after the plan was determined on, the iron skeleton was ready for shipment from England; and in nine months after that, the lighthouse was erected and ready for lighting. This lighthouse is formed of nine tiers of cast-iron plates, each about ten feet by five, each curved to the required degree of convexity, and each fastened to its neighbors by bolts and screws, and nuts and rivets. So well did this iron novelty do its duty, that another such lighthouse was built a few years afterwards at Bermuda; it is a hundred and five feet in height, and is formed by about a hundred and fifty curved iron plates, connected in the way before noticed. These lighthouses are not strictly examples of riveted wrought-iron, but of bolted cast-iron; nevertheless, the two methods are first cousins, and serve to illustrate the economy of material to which our modern industry is tending.

Surely, if solidity be looked for anywhere, it might be expected in gates and barriers against which water is pressing. But in this hollow time we have altered all that; our friend plate-and-rivet has wedged in his hollow principles even here. Let us look at the Keyham steam-dock, now in process of formation at Devonport. Here is a basin, the water of which is confined by a gate eighty-two feet long, thirteen feet wide, and forty-two feet deep; and although the flood occasionally presses on one side of this gate, or caisson, with a force of fourteen hundred tons, uncompensated by any pressure on the other side, yet is this barrier as hollow and honey-combed as the tubular girders and bridges. Mr. Fairbairn (the presiding genius of this species of hollowness) has so managed matters that this caisson will rise and sink, and permit or obstruct the flow of water with singular ease. Plate-and-rivet is the magic agency, not only to the economy of material, but to the great furtherance of the purposes for which the basin is intended. And that which is good at Devonport cannot be far otherwise at Hartlepool, where tubular dock-gates have just been applied. The mightily busy coal people of Hartlepool require enlarged docks for their increasing trade; and they have consequently opened recently a new dock fourteen acres in extent. The dock is connected with the harbor or basin at one end, and with the old dock at the other; and, at these points of junction, there are lock-gates fifty or sixty feet across, formed almost wholly of wrought-iron plates riveted together. Hollow as they are, they swing on their hinges, and resist the watery pressure more bravely than gates formed of ponderous timbers.

The gullant spirit of plate-and-rivet yields neither to pulling nor pushing, to hanging nor pressing, to water impulse nor dry impulse. A crane, the well-known instrument for lifting heavy weights, might reasonably be expected to present a thorough solidity in every part; yet Mr. Fairbairn, as if to show that he can beat every one hollow by everything hollow, now makes his cranes hollow, and of the very self-same kind of plates and rivets as he makes his bridges and girders, and caissons and gates. Sir David Brewster, at the meeting of the British Association in 1851, took occasion to speak of these remarkable cranes in the following terms:

"These structures indicate some additional examples of the extension of the tubular system, and the many advantages which may yet be derived from a judicious combination of wrought-iron plates, and a careful distribution of the material in all those constructions which require security, rigidity, and strength. The projection or radius of the jib of these cranes is thirty-two feet from the centre of the stem, and its height thirty feet above the ground. It is entirely composed of wrought-iron plates, firmly riveted together on the principle of the upper side being calculated to resist tension, and the under or concave side—which embodies the cellular construction—to resist compression. The form is correctly that of the prolonged vertebrae of the bird from which this machine for raising weights takes its name; it is truly the neck of the crane."

One of the cranes, thus built up of mere sheet-iron, has had as great a weight as twenty tons (nearly forty-five thousand pounds) suspended from it without any fracture or injury.

Wherever we turn, east, west, north, or south, in the old world and in the new, we find a deter-

mination existing to make a hollow time of it everywhere. Bending sheet-iron into flutes or hollows is the new way of constructing portable houses—for California, if you choose to go there, California? What! the tubular principle, the Fairbairn hollowness, the plate-and-rivet, going to California? Even so. It is now almost as easy to go to the diggings with an iron house to your back, as to go to Alabama with a banjo on your knee. The Eagle Foundry at Manchester will tell us all about this corrugated iron. In 1849, iron houses for California began to be made at those works. One such house was twenty feet long by ten wide; it comprised a sitting-room and a bedroom, one outer and one inner door, and a window to each room. The walls and roof were formed of sheet-iron, only one-eighth of an inch in thickness, in sheets sixty inches by thirty. The upright supports were of hollow rolled iron filled up with wood; the doors had frames of bar-iron, with panels of sheet-iron, and the window shutters were similarly constructed. Every sheet, and every bit of angle-iron and T-iron and bolt and rivet, were numbered, so that three or four men could put up the house in three or four days; and thus was a fifty pound house built in a Manchester factory in a week, and neatly packed off ship-wise to the far west. Another iron house for California was of loftier pretensions—and if it ever come to the hammer of a Californian auctioneer, he will doubtless describe it in his advertisements as "a spacious detached residence, capable of accommodating a family of distinction"—it was twenty-seven feet long by twenty-two wide, was two stories high, and had eight rooms; but still its walls and roofs were mere sheet-iron. The Prince Consort admired, it is said, a little model iron house at the Great Exhibition, and forthwith ordered a corrugated ball-room for Balmoral; that is, a convenient sheet-iron detached building; which, without provision as a living room, might be serviceable for balls and occasional purposes. This iron pavilion is about sixty feet long, twenty feet wide, and seventeen high to the ridge of the roof; it has cast-iron pilasters (hollow, of course,) and base plates, two plate-iron doors, eight French windows, and corrugated sheet-iron walls and roof. Perhaps this is the first ball-room, except one of canvass, which has walls only one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness; yet the wind is always busy; and, sometimes, outrageously powerful in that part of the country.

And thus—with tubular bridges, tubular girders, tubular caissons, tubular lock-gates, tubular cranes, sheet-iron ships, and sheet-iron houses—with the hollowness of all sorts of materials producing economy and strength, the present is indeed the hollowest of hollow times.

POETRY seems to know most of God's world, History of the devil's world.

AMBITION often plays the wrestler's trick of raising a man up merely to fling him down.

WHEN man writes of woman, it is curious to observe how much more frequently he mentions her weakness than his own vice.

To despair is to sulk with God.

THEY who have true light in themselves seldom become satellites.

MEASURE not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE TIMES.

[See State of France, p. 94, Living Age.]

From the Paris Moniteur, Aug. 25.

We have had several times occasion to remark the malevolence towards the French government of certain articles in the English journals. We remained silent as long as they only attacked persons, but at present the entire nation is attacked, and it becomes a duty to reply. The *Times* has devoted a long article in one of its last numbers to accumulate insult upon France. It compares it to the Bas-Empire, and condemns it to eternal infamy. If the *Times* was an organ of a nation, ours might be affected by its attacks, but that paper, the passionate interpreter of hostile parties since the 2d of December, merely represents an interested opposition; what credit, consequently, is to be given to its opinions? What right is there to endure them? Who, in fact, could believe, as the *Times* dares to pretend, that we are disinherited of all our rights, and that political life exists no longer for us? Universal suffrage in France is the most unlimited exercise of the power of election for a nation. We have said that the *Times*, in our eyes, is not the organ of the nation in the name of which it would pretend to speak. Far from us, therefore, to recriminate against the English institutions; but could not others, less well disposed, do so? Could not they ask the *Times* whether England can oppose to the tranquillity and good order of our universal suffrage its limited suffrage and its elections accomplished in the midst of all the scandals of disgraceful jobbery? Could it not be said to the *Times* that in England seats in Parliament belong almost always to the richest—that in France they are free to all without distinction; that there fortune decides—that here the people choose; that with us everything is the expression of the national will; that the Chief of the State, the *Corps Legislatif*, the Councils General of Departments, Councils of Arrondissement, Municipal Councils, all are elected by the universality of the citizens—that, on the other side of the Channel, on the contrary, everything savors of the inequality of fortunes as well as the restriction of rights? The *Times* may, if it please, call this first essay of the most unbounded liberty infamy; but does it select a happy moment to draw vanity from a system which conduces to the apprehension of public voting and to the demand of the substitution of secret voting in place of public election? The *Times* applauded the days of July under the monarchy of 1830. It approved the republican ovations after the 24th of February. Was that because of the conquests made by the people? No; it was on account of the blood which was shed. Its glorifications then were as suspicious as its present disparagement is odious. The sarcasm against the 15th of August was consequently the natural effect of antipathy and calculation. Vainly were propositions made to the Chief of the State to celebrate the anniversaries of the 10th of December, 1848, the 2d and 20th of December, 1851. He would not celebrate the one because it regarded himself alone and his triumphs; nor the other, because it was connected with a painful feeling, and because he wished, above all, to bury in oblivion even the last recollection of our civil discord. The anniversary of the 15th of August has been alone consecrated, and it happened by a fortunate coincidence that the festival of the Virgin, the

patroness of France, is celebrated the same day as that of the emperor. The nation comprehended that noble idea, and associated itself with it throughout the country with enthusiasm. This is the secret of the envenomed polemic of the *Times*. Far be it from us to entertain the idea of stopping it. We trust that our prosperity will for a long period supply it with materials. But truth, manifested by facts, will among serious men ever obtain an advantage over the anonymous pamphlet inspired by interest or by passion.

From the Times, 28 Aug.

REPLY OF THE LONDON TIMES.

We have received from the French government the only honor which a government so constituted has in its power to bestow—the honor implied in its fear and its hatred. In the *Moniteur* the official organ of his government, the president endeavors to answer our remarks of this day week on the melancholy position of the French nation, deprived altogether of public life, and reduced to seek in the childish amusements of fireworks and scene-painting an equivalent for its degrading exclusion from the earnest drama of real life, from the duties of the citizen, and the honors of the statesman. Our remarks, such as they were, seem to have penetrated into the recesses of that imperial solitude in which Monsieur Louis Bonaparte spends the happy and dignified hours which he can save from the toil of destruction and confiscation. At the head of an enormous army, with his foot on the neck of a prostrate nation, a few lines traced in a foreign language by an unknown hand have shaken the impassable man of destiny, and probed the depths of a conscience not easily accessible to the voice of truth. We cannot refuse to enter the lists with such a champion. He has a right to be heard on his own behalf, as well as on behalf of the seven million five hundred thousand votes of the 10th of December. We only wish that he would give our reply the same extended publicity in France as we give to his vindication in England. But this he dares not do. Groundless as Monsieur Bonaparte may call our censures, he dares not make his own nation the judge of their justice, and all the people whom he mocks with the name of liberty will ever know on the subject will be so much as it is deemed prudent to notice in the columns of the *Moniteur*.

We will not be led aside from the point really at issue by the sarcasm which Monsieur Bonaparte levels against the English constitution. We are quite content that it should be denounced by the man "who swore to remain faithful to the republic, and to fulfil all the duties imposed by the constitution;" who "declared that this oath should command his future conduct, and that he would fulfil it like a man of honor;" who "denounced as enemies of the country all those who should endeavor to change, by illegal means, that which all France had established;" and who, after these things, made the revolution of the 2d of December, 1851. Such a man is no judge of compacts—for him they have no existence, and we are well content that our glorious constitution should be honored by his hatred and sanctified by his fear.

Neither will we be led aside by the imputations which the Autocrat of the Elysée does not disdain to throw upon ourselves. We are content to

receive such unfounded imputations as "a first warning," but cannot condescend to answer them, although brought forward by the absolute lord and master of thirty-six millions of the bravest and most intelligent of the human race. Let Monsieur Bonaparte call us "the passionate interpreter of hostile parties," "the representative of an interested opposition," and strive to persuade the nation which he has duped and dragooned, that his government can have nothing to fear from honest conviction. True, as he says, we are not, like the *Moniteur*, the organ of a nation; but in this instance, at any rate, we are something more—the organ of the conscience of the human race, the organ of that feeling which distinguishes man from brute, the mouthpiece of that unbending law of morality which perjured judges cannot pervert, and all the prestige of success cannot elude. To one accusation, however, which the irritation of Monsieur Bonaparte has induced him to make against us, we must reply. We approved, he says, of former revolutions, not because they were conquests made by the people, but on account of the blood which was shed. It is, therefore, we suppose, because the 2d or rather 4th December was bloodless, that we have been unable to give in our adhesion to its success? Surely the recommendation of blood, if that were to our taste, was not wanting, when, in the broad daylight, in the most public thoroughfares of Paris, twelve hundred harmless passers-by, unarmed, and without a show of resistance, were murdered by the drunken soldiery whom Monsieur Bonaparte had bribed for that purpose! No; if we dissent from the revolution of the 2d of December, it is not because it has not shed blood enough. The proper anniversary is the 4th of December, and it should be celebrated at the *Marché des Innocens*. The name, at any rate, might recall mothers murdered with children in their arms, old men slain on their thresholds, children of seven years old massacred, as well as the other glories which the president takes so much credit to himself for not commemorating.

The real question is, have we been dreaming all this while! Is it a pretence that France is disinherited of all her rights, that political life exists no longer for her, as the *Times* dares to assert? And is she, on the contrary, as Monsieur Bonaparte declares, making the first essay of the most unbounded liberty? If France has political life, we shall find it, like animal life, in the perfection of her organs, her senate, her legislature, her generals, her magistracy, her local councils, and, above all, in her press. Her courts are at this moment presided over by the very men who met together on the 2d of December to declare the president deposed for treason and perjury, who took the oath of fidelity to this very person in the month of April, and who now administer in his name so much of the law as he has suffered to exist, so often as he allows it to have its course. The army is commanded by the same General Magnan, who, on the trial of Monsieur Bonaparte before the Chamber of Peers for the attempt at Boulogne, overwhelmed him with his contempt for his unsuccessful attempt to corrupt him. Since then the attempt has been renewed, and with better success. Here, also, we can find no political life. The Senate is a band of mercenary pensioners, without power, and without character, and the legislative body is barely allowed to testify its disapprobation of the ruinous extravagance it is not permitted to check. There is no life here. But

there is universal suffrage, and, though every institution which that suffrage can appoint is sedulously denuded of all authority and dignity, universal suffrage compensates for this trivial defect by the splendor of its name. But, to make this suffrage anything, the elector should be allowed not merely a vote, but a choice. Liberty implies an alternative, and that alternative the French government does not allow. As well not elect at all as be forced to vote for the nominee of the government, and thus disgrace an institution they are not permitted to use. We are, then, justified in concluding that in France at present there is no political life; and, if we pass from institutions to acts, we shall find in the plunder of the Orleans family, and the hulks of Lambessa and Cayenne, gorged with thousands of unconvicted exiles, the best proof that the great end of human society—protection of person and property from the aggressions of lawless power, is not included in the plan of the present government of France.

If this be a faithful picture of the present state of France—and who can deny that it is so!—have we not a right to wonder at the degeneracy of a nation which, under the load of degradation and misery which this man has brought upon it, can find time or taste for reviews and processions, for rockets and transparencies? And does not the spectacle of Cæsarean France, with her servile senate, her mercenary generals, her mixed ministries of pleasure and business, her fierce praetorians, and her pliant magistrates, necessarily force upon us a comparison with the darker periods of the Roman empire? Monsieur Bonaparte aims at too much. The press of France would long since have said so, but her press is mute. Her tribune would have said so, but her tribune is dumb. A nation may be free and proud, or enslaved and submissive; but it is idle to expect that France can be made by any art vain of her slavery and proud of her dishonor. In the false praises of the *Moniteur* there is more offence than in our honest and open censures. Servitude is only the more galling when it is called freedom, and despotism never so insulting as when it wears the mask of liberality. Monsieur Bonaparte repudiates comparisons with the Lower Empire of Rome. Can he trace no family likeness to one personage, at least, in the sketch which Gibbon gives of Commodus? "Amid the acclamations of a flattering court he was unable to disguise from himself that he had deserved the contempt and hatred of every man of sense and virtue in his empire; his ferocious spirit was irritated by the consciousness of that hatred, by the envy of every kind of merit, and by the just apprehension of danger."

SOME critics are like the valiant flies mentioned by Shakspeare, who dare to eat their breakfast on the lip of a lion.

If thou hast a loitering servant, send him on thine errand just before his dinner.

DESPAIR gives the same fatal ease to the mind that mortification does to the body.

SELF-ESTEEM is a high-bred steed, that bounds over the asperities of life. Self-conceit a blind hack, which knocks its head against every impediment.

FANATICISMS are the sudden blazings-up of loose-textured minds.

From the *Athenaeum*, 28th Aug.

LORD MAHON AND MR. SPARKS.

Reply to the Strictures of Lord Mahon and Others on the Mode of Editing the Writings of Washington. By JARED SPARKS.
Letter to Jared Sparks, Esq.; being a Rejoinder, &c.
By LORD MAHON. Murray.

A PAPER war is raging between Lord Mahon and Mr. Jared Sparks, the American editor of the twelve-volume edition of the writings of Washington. In the last published volume of his "History of England," the English writer accused the American editor of having tampered with the integrity of his texts. Mr. Sparks replied—and Lord Mahon has answered the reply. From the two published letters, it is possible to obtain a clear perception of the cause and state of the controversy—which, in a few words, we will lay before our readers. Lord Mahon's accusation—an accusation, let us say, not made for the first time by him—was threefold; it charged Mr. Sparks with having omitted certain passages from the letters of Washington—with having altered others—and with having added some. Mr. Sparks admits the first and second charges, and justifies his practice. Having to condense into twelve volumes as much matter as would have filled fifty, it was necessary to omit a good deal—and in some of the rejected passages it is easy, he allows, to find notices of events or traits of character which a neutral person shall consider of public interest. With respect to alteration, Mr. Sparks contends that he has only corrected obvious slips of the pen, bad spelling, false grammar, and so forth. Had he done no more, there would have been little occasion to complain; but we are of opinion that the examples of change and suppression adduced by Lord Mahon go a long way towards proving that the system of the American editor was based on a desire rather to please certain States and families in the Union by the omission of passages, than to preserve the integrity of historical truth. The most serious charge—that of adding to the text—Lord Mahon has seen good cause to withdraw as not sustainable; and he has done this with so much frankness and unreserve as in some measure to atone for the haste and rashness with which it was originally made.

From the same, 4th Sept.

In our Gossip columns of last week we gave our readers some insight into the particulars of a literary dispute which has arisen between Lord Mahon and Jared Sparks relative to the manner in which the latter had dealt with the letters and papers submitted to him for his edition of the writings of Washington. Less for the sake of the immediate quarrel itself than for that of once more asserting our view of the principles which it involves—and which are of vital importance to the integrity of history—we think it well here to treat the subject at somewhat greater length.

The question, in fact, has taken a shape more general and important from the way in which it has been handled. As Lord Mahon had charged three special offences on the editorial shoulders of Mr. Sparks, only one of which could be met with a distinct negative, it seemed necessary to the American writer to quit the special ground of defence to the indictment preferred against him, and go in search of reasons for maintaining—not

that the facts were contrary to the charges, but that the charges were not sustained by the law of the case. With respect to Washington's letters and papers, he does not deny that he has altered and omitted very considerably; but he contends that what he has done in these respects has been done in conformity with the rules. The question, then, is—What are the rules? What are the limits of an editor's license in dealing with the texts which come into his hands for publication? On this important point there are considerable differences of opinion between Mr. Sparks and Lord Mahon;—and, for ourselves, we feel bound to differ from them both. It is the more necessary to look into this matter on account of the literary papers with which one of the parties to the controversy is already charged. Lord Mahon—as our readers know—is the literary executor of Sir Robert Peel and of the Duke of Wellington; and it is of considerable importance to recent and contemporary history, that no false theory of an editor's duty should interfere to injure the truth and completeness of the historic documents which it has become his duty to prepare and publish.

Mr. Jared Sparks—who, let it be fully acknowledged, edited Washington's papers on a system which, whether right or wrong, he avowed and described in the first volume of his work—is of opinion, that "it is the solemn duty" of an editor "to correct obvious slips of the pen, occasional inaccuracies of expression, and manifest faults of grammar, which the writer himself, if he could have revised his own manuscripts, would never for a moment have allowed to appear in print:"—and to that extent Lord Mahon—whose charge against Mr. Sparks is for tamperings of a more serious kind—is willing to concede the duty—or, at least, the right. But we suspect that most men of letters will consider this a very dangerous assumption of editorial authority; and we think that Lord Mahon is not sufficiently alive to the perils involved in the concession of such powers. A conscientious historian will not trust himself with so dangerous an exercise of responsibility. They who know the power of even a comma to alter the complexion of a sentence, will carefully refrain from even the slightest chance of miscoloring the original draft. The text of the historian will of course reflect his own reading of the documents on which it is based;—but the documents which are the final witnesses for or against him must when produced in their own name have no interpreters but themselves. Remembering the transforming value of a word, we must not have a single foreign word put into the mouths of the witnesses, even for the sake of euphony. Since a meaning may disappear at the conjuration of grammar, we cannot suffer the school-master to interfere with the materials of history.—Even on lower grounds than the importance of keeping the evidence ungarbled, we cannot agree with Mr. Sparks or with Lord Mahon. We might be quite willing to receive Washington's final version, with corrections, of his own earlier writings—though even in that case much that is characteristic, and even much that is true, must be lost. The thought of yesterday modified by the reflection of to-day is historically false. The exponents of passion—which is the modeller of action—subjected to the revision of the philosophic mood, lose their relation to the passion and their power of illustrating the action. Still, if there is to be correction, it must be only in the original handwriting. How is Mr. Sparks to discover what Washington would.

or would not, have allowed to appear in print? At the time when he wrote, he would probably have left in his publication all the passion, heartiness, and vehemence—at the end of a century, the sage of Mount Vernon would as probably have cancelled much, and altered more, before allowing his papers to go to press. Then, even if an editor had a right to put himself in Washington's place, and strike out of his letters what he "would never have allowed to appear in print," which Washington must such editor personate—the young general, in the thick of the fight, with the emotions of the scene upon him—in a word, the *historical* man—or the abstract and imaginary sage poring coldly over the documents in which the story of a revolution is written nearly a hundred years after the events? Certainly the first, if either. What is wanted by the world—not only as a matter of integrity, but as a matter of interest—is, the story of the trials, the passion, the vicissitude of the time as they existed—not as a person looking back to them may prefer that they should have occurred. Thus, for a chronological, if for no better, reason, Mr. Sparks cannot have been able to put himself in Washington's place—and he had therefore no right to change a word on that ground. Besides, what is gained by such alteration as Lord Mahon charges against the American Editor! To quote one or two examples:—

Where, for example, Washington in familiar correspondence mentions "Old Put," you have made him say "General Putnam" (April 1, 1776); that where he speaks of a small sum as "but a flea-bite at present," you have substituted the words "totally inadequate to our demands at this time" (November 28, 1775); that where, in the same letter, he complains of an incompetent secretary, and adds, "I shall make a lame hand, therefore, to have two of this kidney," you prefer to lean on the preceding paragraph that they cannot "render that assistance which is expected of them." . . . You will not allow him, as he appears in your pages, to call Lord Dunmore "that arch-traitor to the rights of humanity" (Dec. 15, 1775); or the English people "a nation which seems to be lost to every sense of virtue, and to those feelings which distinguish a civilized people from the most barbarous savages" (Jan. 31, 1776). Again, where Washington really wrote that in the Carolinas, "Mr. Martin's first attempt [through those universal instruments of tyranny, the Scotch] has met with its deserved success," you leave out the passage within the brackets (April 1, 1776).

The loss is here apparent. Some racy and idiomatic expressions, as full of character as they are redolent of the tent and of the strife in which the great actor was engrossed, are dropped out of the record of the day—and some cold and commonplace paraphrases, without life or soul in them, are given, not as Mr. Sparks' emendations, but as Washington's own language.

Lord Mahon puts a case to Mr. Sparks:—

There is [he writes] a letter of Washington's in which he complains that in an affair at Haerlem (Sept. 16, 1776) two brigades which he mentions had behaved ill—in fact, had run away. Now let us suppose that the first intelligence had proved inaccurate, and that these troops had really done their duty. Why, then, might not a later Editor argue on your principle, that Washington, were he alive, would have no other wish than to do justice to his soldiers—that he would have been eager to correct his false impressions—that his Editor is bound to bring his despatch to the same state as he would have brought it—that

the change may be easily made (let us suppose) by half a word—and that, therefore, instead of "behaved ill," we ought to see in print "behaved well!" In short, I would ask you, sir, upon the principle which you seem to think the privilege of an Editor, what safe line for historic truth can possibly be drawn?

The truth is, we repeat, that there is but one safe rule for an editor to adopt. If he is editing original papers—and publishing them as originals—he must re-produce them textually and literally. A low word often involves a trait of character. A mis-spelling or a slip in the grammar—if habitual, is a part of the writer's story—if not, is a comment on the text, which may serve, like the blot of a tear, to explain the circumstances under which it was written.—The historian, of course, is not fettered by the same laws as the editor. He is bound to produce the substance of his documents, but in his own form, and according to his own interpretation. He may translate and paraphrase:—the editor must be exact and literal.

From Chambers' Journal.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

AN official notice from the Post-office states, that from the first of the present month London is to be placed on the same footing, with respect to letters, as the rest of the country—that is, they must either be stamped before being posted, or sent unpaid. This is a measure which will materially diminish the labor of keeping accounts at the central office; and the more that labor is saved, the more will there be left to facilitate postal communication. Books and periodicals can now be sent to most of our colonies at the rate of a shilling a pound—a fact which those who have hitherto sent their parcels at any one's trouble and expense but their own, will do well to bear in mind. Ocean Penny Postage is growing into favor, and is talked about in such a way as to show that the project will not be left to take care of itself.

The French are going to send a new Scientific Exploring Expedition to South America, chiefly for researches in Brazil and Paraguay. Perhaps the veteran Bonpland, who was so long detained by the dictator Francia, may be induced to come home in it, as he has written to express his desire of returning to France. And something has been said, at Washington, about sending a couple of frigates to survey the great river Amazon, in which, as the official document states, there is a sufficient depth of water to float a large ship at the foot of the Andes, 1500 miles from the sea. America will surely be well known some day. Meanwhile, we are extending our knowledge of Africa; a map of that country is about to be published, comprising the whole region from the equator to nineteen degrees of south latitude. In this the recent discoveries will be laid down, and we shall see Mr. Galton's route of 1600 miles from Walfish Bay to Odonga, near a large river named the Nourse, and to the country of the Ovampo, described as an intelligent tribe of natives. We shall find, also, that the snow-peaked mountains seen by the German missionaries, and considered to be the source of the White Nile, are not more than about 300 miles distant from the eastern coast; and it is said that no more promising enterprise could be undertaken than an attempt to ascend and explore them, starting from Mombas. Barth and Overweg were at

the eastern end of Lake Tchad when last heard from; and we are told that the slave-traders, finding their occupation decreasing on the western coast, have lately, for the first time, penetrated to the interior, and tempted many of the natives to sell their children for showy European goods. Lieutenant Macleod, of the Royal Navy, proposes to ascend the Niger in a steam-launch, and, when up the country, to cross over to, and descend the Gambia, with a view to discover new sources of trade; and Mr. Macgregor Laird is still ready to carry a vessel up any river of the western coast to which government may please to send him. Besides the travellers mentioned, there are others pushing their way in different parts of the south; and the French are not idle in the north—they have added to our information concerning Abyssinia, and the countries bordering on the Great Desert. But, in addition to African geography, all these explorations have added to our knowledge of African geology. A vast portion of the interior is supposed to have been an inland sea, of which Ngami and other lakes are the remains; fossil bones of most peculiar character have been found, but only of terrestrial and fresh-water animals. A name is already given to a creature of a remote secondary period; Professor Owen, from the examination of a few relics, pronounces it to be a *Dicynodon*. According to Sir R. Murchison, such have been the main features of Africa during countless ages; "for the old rocks which form her outer fringe, unquestionably circled round an interior marshy or lacustrine country, in which the *dicynodon* flourished at a time when not a single animal was similar to any living thing which now inhabits the surface of our globe. The present central and meridian zone of waters, whether lakes, rivers, or marshes, extending from Lake Tchad to Lake Ngami, with hippopotami on their banks, are, therefore, but the great modern, residual, geographical phenomena of those of a mesozoic age."

Research is as active as ever in France. M. Bernard, who is well known as a physiologist and anatomist, after a careful study of the salivary glands, finds that each of the three, common to nearly all animals, furnishes a different secretion. The saliva from the sublingual gland is viscous and sticky, fit to moisten the surface of substances, but not to penetrate them, giving them a coat which facilitates their being swallowed; that from the parotid gland, on the contrary, is thin and watery, easily penetrates substances taken into the mouth, and thereby favors their assimilation; while the saliva from the submaxillary gland is of a nature between these two. These facts were verified by soaking portions of the membrane in water, as well as by experiments on the living subject; the liquid in which they were soaked presented the same character as that of the secretions.

The varying of the parotid secretion with the nature of the food taken, is considered by M. Bernard to be a proof that this secretion is especially intended to favor mastication. A horse kept on perfectly dry food gives out a far greater quantity than when the food is moistened. Experiments on the dog and rabbit supplied similar results; and, extraordinary as it may appear, the gland will secrete saliva in the course of an hour weighing eight or ten times as much as its own tissue. A striking example this of the rapidity with which saliva can be separated from the blood under certain circumstances, and of the fallacy of founding

conclusions on the quantity secreted within the twenty-four hours.

The sublingual gland is inert during mastication, and only begins to act as swallowing commences, when it envelops or lubricates the chewed substance with a fluid that assists its passage to the stomach. The function of the submaxillary has much to do with taste; the fluid which it pours out dilutes and diminishes the pungent flavor of sapid substances, and at the same time weakens the energy of their contact. The three organs are identical in texture, though so different in their secretions; "each gland," as M. Bernard says, "having a special act, its function is exercised under separate and independent influences. Notwithstanding their discharging into and mixing in the mouth, their use remains distinct," as above stated. To complete this brief summary of an interesting subject, it may be added, that birds and reptiles have but one kind of saliva, answering to the viscous in mammalia.

M. F. SUDRE'S "UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE."

WE were present, in the Hanover-square Rooms, says the "Morning Chronicle," at a series of experiments intended to demonstrate the possibility of a system of "Universal Language," of which M. Sudre claims to be the inventor. So far as we could make out, however, the invention appeared to be rather one for facilitating expression or communication, from individual to individual, in any language—in fact, a sort of vocal short-hand—than anything which can lay claim to being a universal tongue. M. Sudre takes the seven notes of the octave—the *do, re, mi, &c.*, in fact—and manages to express, by means of them, any short sentence. That he can do so, he proved by the following process. Upon the platform of the Hanover-square Rooms was placed a young lady. M. Sudre took his station beneath this platform, on a level with the spectators, and invited any of the latter to write a French sentence upon a board perfectly invisible to the young lady, who was the interpreter. We ought to mention that the musical alphabet can be conveyed by a musical instrument, by the voice enunciating the *do, re, mi, &c.*, and by signs of the fingers, like the deaf and dumb alphabet. The first sentence written was *Quelle heure est il?* M. Sudre played a few disjointed notes on the violin, and the interpreter at once enunciated the sentence. This process was repeated at least a dozen of times with different phrases. Sometimes the young lady stated that she could not make out every word, but that she had deciphered enough to understand the thought expressed, a position which any short-hand reporter will perfectly appreciate. The written sentences were afterwards conveyed by the enunciation of the symbols formed by the names of the notes of the octave, and with the same success. M. Sudre enunciated very distinctly such a sentence as "do-sol-fa-mi-si-re-la-do," and so on, and the interpreter repeated the French words written on the board. The process of conveyance was then shown by gesture, on the ordinary principle of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, which it was evident would apply to the new system as well as to ordinary language; and the experiments terminated, leaving—so far as we were concerned—the impression that M. Sudre had invented an ingenious process of vocal stenography, but that the universal language was still left in the dark.

We had, next, experiments demonstrating the Telephonic system, of which the same gentleman is the inventor. Telephony is a simpler form of the "Langue-Universelle" principle, and is destined for the conveyance of military and naval orders. It seems to be capable of being practically useful, more so, indeed, than the more pretentious application of the theory. Thus M. Sudre takes a book of French military signals, and one of the company selects from it a phrase—perhaps, "L'ennemi nous attaque au droit." A bugler placed at the extreme end of the room, under M. Sudre's directions, sounds a few notes, and the young lady interprets them into the communication selected. The same thing was done with peculiar rolls of the drum—and also by means of combinations of strokes upon bass drums—intended to represent the tones of cannon of different calibre, each tone standing for a note, but only three notes being used—the octaves and the intermediate fourth of G.

That M. Sudre has invented a very ingenious method of abridging words so as to represent them either by the seven musical sounds or by the names of the seven musical sounds of the octave, and that his plan can, under certain circumstances and for certain purposes, be made very useful, is at all events indisputable. In reference to the universal language, our ideas are still unenlightened, but we cordially recommend our readers to attend M. Sudre's very curious *séances* and judge for themselves.

FARMER'S ALMANAC.—Mr. Livermore, of this city, has published No. 57 of Leavitt's Farmer's Almanac. The preface announces that Mr. Dudley Leavitt, the author, after having edited the successive numbers of this work for more than half a century, died September 20, 1851, aged 80 years. One might have anticipated, from such an event, that the successive numbers of the Almanac would cease, or at least that the labor of preparing them would have devolved upon another hand. But it seems that Mr. Leavitt was so fully prepared for the event, as far at least as his astronomical labors were concerned, that not only the Almanac for the then ensuing year was completed, but the preface adds:—

"Mr. Leavitt had in his hands, *perfectly prepared for the printer*, in his legible chirography, the manuscripts of his Almanac, each carefully and neatly sewed into a book, for *every year up to 1857 inclusive*. Besides the incalculable labor required to bring these manuscripts into their present perfect shape, Mr. Leavitt had prepared *tables for his Almanac from 1858 to 1899, inclusive*."

This is a degree of punctuality, of which there are few examples, especially in the editorship of a periodical work.—*Daily Advertiser*.

From Household Words.

KILSPINDIE.

KING James to royal Stirling town
Was riding from the chase,
When he was aware of a banished man
Returned without his grace.

The man stood forward from the crowd
In act to make appeal;
Said James, but in no pleasant tone,
"Yonder is my Gray-steel."

He knew him not by his attire,
Which was but poor in plight;
He knew him not by his brown curls,
For they were turned to white;

He knew him not by followers,
For want had made them strange;
He knew him by his honest look,
Which time could never change.

Kilspindie was a Douglas bold,
Who, when the king was young,
Had pleased him like the grim Gray-steel,
Of whom sweet verse is sung:

Had pleased him by his sword that cropped
The knights of their renown,
And by a foot so fleet and firm,
No horse could tire it down.

But James hath sworn an angry oath,
That as he was king crowned,
No Douglas ever more should set
His foot on Scottish ground.

Too bold had been the Douglas race,
Too haughty and too strong;
Only Kilspindie of them all
Had never done him wrong.

"A boon! a boon!" Kilspindie cried;
"Pardon that here am I;
In France I have grown old and sad,
In Scotland I would die."

Kilspindie knelt, Kilspindie bent,
His Douglas pride was gone;
The king he neither spoke nor looked,
But sternly rode straight on.

Kilspindie rose, and pace for pace
Held on beside the train,
His cap in hand, his looks in hope,
His heart in doubt and pain.

Before them lay proud Stirling hill,
The way grew steep and strong,
The king shook bridle suddenly,
And up swept all the throng.

Kilspindie said within himself;
"He thinks of Auld Lang Syne,
And wishes pleasantly to see
What strength may still be mine."

On rode the court, Kilspindie ran,
His smile grew half distressed;
There was n't a man in that company,
Save one, but wished him rest.

Still on they rode, and still ran he,
His breath he scarce could get:
There was n't a man in that company,
Save one, with eyes unwet.

The king has entered Stirling town,
Nor ever graced him first;
Kilspindie sat him down, and asked
Some water for his thirst.

But they had marked the monarch's face,
And how he kept his pride;
And old Kilspindie in his need
Is water's self denied.

Ten weeks thereafter, severed still
From Scotland's dear embrace,
Kilspindie died of broken heart,
Sped by that cruel race.

Ten years thereafter, his last breath
King James as sadly drew;
And though he died of many thoughts,
Kilspindie crossed him too.